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"I AM WORTH now infinitely more to die than to live," said John Brown of Harper's Ferry a few days be- re his execution. Standing in court to hear his death sen- nce, this same man said: "Now, if it is deemed necessary at I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of y children and with the blood of millions in this slave untry whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and just enactments, I say, let it be done." Again, when meone showed him Henry Ward Beecher's statement about m: "Let Virginia make him a martyr. . . . His soul was ble, his work miserable. But a cord and a gibbet would deem all that, and round up Brown's failure with a heroic ccess," John Brown took his pencil and wrote opposite to is statement the single word "good." These extraordi- ry utterances are recalled to us by the brave words of other man facing death at the hands of the State, Bar- tomeo Vanzetti. Speaking to a reporter, he has just said:

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live ut my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I night have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we re not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tol- erance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as ow we do by an accident. Our words—our lives—our ains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good hoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment elong to us—that agony is our triumph!

The slave power in 1859 was sure that Henry Ward Beecher was wrong and Governor Wise right when he ordained that Brown should die, but Brown's soul went marching on from 1861 to 1865 wherever there were federal troops. We would not press the parallel too far, but let those who clamor for the blood of Sacco and Vanzetti, whether they be guilty or innocent, take notice. History has a way of repeating itself.

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the constitutionality of the California Anti-Syndicalism Law, and affirmed the convictions of Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney and William Burns. The court did not, however, pass directly upon Miss Whitney's case, Justices Holmes and Brandeis regretting that it was not so presented as to permit a ruling on whether her acts violated the State law. This most useful citizen must now go to jail unless some way can be found to present her case to the Supreme Court, as the two liberal justices obviously desire that it should be. In fairness to them it must also be pointed out that Justice Brandeis, in dissenting from the view of the majority as to syndicalism, declared, in a statement in which Justice Holmes joined him:

> Fear of serious injury cannot alone justify suppression of free speech and assembly. Even imminent danger cannot justify resort to prohibitions of these functions essential to effective democracy unless the evil apprehended is relatively serious.

He also found himself unable to concede that the formation of a political party to advocate a mass revolution at some future time "is not a right within the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment." But the existence of testimony establishing an I. W. W. conspiracy to commit serious crimes made it impossible for the two justices "to disturb the judgment of the State court." It is not for us to challenge the legal position taken, but we cannot refrain from adding our opinion that this decision marks a milestone in the deterioration of the American democracy, and opens the road to a suppression of public opinion and the further punishment of individual belief, incompatible with the republic of Jefferson and Lincoln.

MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST attaches to the announcement that the Russian-American Industrial Corporation will redeem the shares of its stockholders at par. The organization of this corporation was the result of a visit by Sidney Hillman to Russia during the famine days. His organization, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, then contributed $200,000 in foodstuffs and medicines to aid the famine sufferers. But Mr. Hillman became of the opinion that the Russians themselves would wish to have money invested in Russia rather than receive it in the form of charity. As a result $300,000 was raised, some thousands of which were contributed by readers of *The Nation*, and the Russian-American Corporation formed. This sum was largely used for the purchase of machinery and raw materials for the clothing trusts in Russia, the corporation functioning through the All Russian Clothing Syndicate. It declared one dividend of 3 and one of 5 per cent to its stockholders. The RAIC, as it is called, was also the first instru-

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ment for the transmission of funds to Russia, which business has now been made a regular and stabilized banking operation. Since it began the transfer of money, more than twenty million dollars have been sent by some four hundred thousand people through the Amalgamated Bank of New York and the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. The stockholders of the RAIC not only have the satisfaction of receiving their money back in full, but they also may take pride in having helped labor to demonstrate that it can conduct important business operations efficiently and profitably while helping a stricken people.

THE POLICY OF DECEPTION which the Department of State has practiced toward the American people throughout its present intrigue in Nicaragua continues as that adventure progresses toward its unhappy conclusion. When on May 6 an announcement was made that the leader of the Liberal forces had "undertaken to persuade his troops to lay down their arms," no mention was made of Mr. Stimson's warning that otherwise American marines would make war upon the army and forcibly disarm it. The next day came a statement that so far as the department knew there had been no threat of force to induce the Liberal troops to surrender their arms.

> And yet all this time [as the New York *World* comments] there lay on some desk in the State Department a copy of Mr. Stimson's letter to General Moncada saying that the President had authorized our marines in Nicaragua to accept the custody of the arms of those willing to lay them down "and to disarm forcibly those who will not do so."

When dispatches from Nicaragua revealed to this country the actual character of the negotiations the following feeble apology appeared:

> At the State Department today Secretary Kellogg explained that he had not meant to be evasive last Friday when he failed to mention to newspaper representatives that Colonel Stimson had written a letter to General Moncada of the Liberal army. . . . This letter was contained in press dispatches from Nicaragua to American newspapers, Secretary Kellogg said, and he had assumed that the arrangement for disarmament had been generally understood, and his failure to mention Colonel Stimson's letter to representatives of the press was an oversight.

This is worse than secret diplomacy. It is deceitful diplomacy—deliberately calculated to mislead the public.

POOR SECRETARY KELLOGG! The subordinates who run his department make a mess of it by occasionally blurting out something which should not be told as well as by continual efforts to conceal truth which the public is entitled to know. We have lately had an example of pied publicity in regard to France as a variation from deceitful diplomacy in connection with Nicaragua. When the French fliers Nungesser and Coli failed in their courageous attempt to reach America, Ambassador Herrick sent word to the Department of State from Paris that opinion there would resent an immediate effort on the part of American aviators to make a transatlantic flight in the opposite direction. The message was intended as confidential advice to be passed on quietly to the American fliers, but the amateur diplomats in Mr. Kellogg's office gave it to the newspapers, which spread it prominently on their first pages and made an international incident of it. After all Mr. Herrick, who is generally more touchy for the French than they are for themselves, appears to have been mistaken. When the news was cabled back from the United States the press in Paris promptly denied the existence of any such sentiment.

REPORTERS AND SPECTATORS are now barred from Delaware courtrooms during divorce proceedings under a law which has just gone into effect. It follows closely upon the English statute which forbids the printing of details of divorce cases, and it indubitably violates the old tradition that the processes of law shall be of public record. On that ground it will doubtless be protested; the fact remains, however, that judges have long exercised the right to order the courtroom cleared of everyone not directly connected with a case when public decency required it. We are not with those who believe that injury will be done by the new Delaware law. Nor are we moved by the news that the number of divorces has increased in England since its new law went into effect. This law has not created conjugal infidelity or unhappiness, and we are of the opinion that when a marriage is hopelessly wrecked it makes for morality and justice to dissolve it speedily. But we agree with the New York *World* that the Delaware law is a grave portent. If the daily press continues to print vulgar and disgusting details of such cases as the Hall-Mills, the Browning, and the Snyder proceedings, it will have only itself to blame if other laws besides the Delaware one come into existence. In this matter the New York *World*, *Tim* and *Herald Tribune* sin like the tabloids—even give mo space to the verbatim testimony. Yet the *World* calmly ad mits that "things cannot in decency be allowed to go on in the present fashion much longer."

CHAGRIN, HUMILIATION, AND DISGUST are the healthy sentiments generated in some of the citizens of Little Rock, Arkansas, by the recent lynching and burning of a Negro's body there. The Little Rock Bar Association, in a series of resolutions, expressed itself in the following forthright and admirable manner:

> On last Wednesday evening, the city of Little Rock was for hours at the mercy of a mob which perpetrated the most shameful outrages; and while it had been certain all day that such an outbreak was to be apprehended, the sheriff, the mayor, and the chief of police were all absent from their posts. . . . The evidence points to such weakness and cowardice on the part of our public officials . . . as have never before been displayed in any English-speaking community.

The resolutions called for a prompt and thorough investigation of the lynching and as prompt punishment of the offenders. Judge Abner McGhee's charge to the grand jury about to sit on the case was equally unequivocal:

> This community is not going to permit mob rule. You are not going to permit it, and to the limit of . . . every power conferred by the office I hold, I am not going to permit it. . . . It is no time for platitudes about law and order. . . . I therefore direct you to proceed with all vigor and dispatch to bring into this court for trial all persons against whom a charge of violence can be sustained.

The Little Rock papers, with one exception, have been d crying the lynching, and demanding that justice be don In sharp contrast are the apologetic and halting statemen of the mayor and sheriff: "I thank God that we have be fortunate enough to prevent the loss of life in the ci (except that of the lynched Negro, of course)." "I sincere hope that no further violence will be resorted to." "W felt that the National Guard could have better success ha

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dling the disturbance than our own men." And so on. The mayor, by his own admission, went to bed before nine o'clock of that ghastly evening. He was not looking for trouble. But one can only hope that trouble has found him.

WOMEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY owe a debt to Dean Emma Gillett, for whom a memorial service was held in Washington on May 15. Born in Wisconsin, of pioneer parents, she grew up under frontier conditions. During the Civil War she saw various professions opened to women—among them teaching, medicine, government positions, and clerical work. She had been brought up on "Women's Rights," under the influence of a mother who was courageous enough to wear the famous "bloomer dress," and from early childhood she had nursed a desire to be a lawyer. When, after ten years of teaching school in Pennsylvania, she determined to put this youthful ambition into practice, she found that no white law school would admit her as a student. Nothing daunted by this, she enrolled at the law school of Howard University, established for Negroes but open to all colors and races without distinction of sex. Here, with two other white women, she completed her law course, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, and came to be recognized as an authority on the law of real property. Her services to women, however, lay mainly in her establishment of a woman's law class which eventually became the Washington College of Law, open to men and women, with women members on the faculty, and with a woman dean.

IMPLACABLY THE FATHER OF WATERS moves southward. Through the broken levees of the Bayou des Glaises the waters are rushing "like a dozen Niagaras"; the thousands who toiled to keep them from weakening have fled to the hills. And over the rich fields of southern Louisiana, the "Sugar-bowl" country where most of the sugar crop for the United States is raised, the great inland sea is surging onward irresistibly, ruinously, with a dreadful slowness. At New Orleans the waters have risen five feet in forty-eight hours in spite of the dynamited Poydras levee which was to have given relief to the city, and the crest of the flood is still more than a hundred miles away. It will be another fortnight, perhaps longer, before the Gulf is reached, and weeks before the waters have subsided to anything like their customary level. To add to the discomfort of the refugees, a heavy rain fell over the week-end and the weather was the coldest for May in the history of Louisiana. The Governor, on a tour of inspection, passed town after town where only the roofs of houses and the spires of churches were visible above the waters. The carcasses of domestic animals and game were everywhere. The human inhabitants had long since fled. The Red Cross so far has collected more than eleven millions of dollars for the relief of a situation the like of which the country has never seen. It is time for Mr. Coolidge to summon Congress; a disaster of such staggering proportions is a national matter.

TOM TAGGART, who always brings out his own Presidential candidate, has this year adopted as such Evans Woollen, the Indianapolis banker, to whose candidacy for the Indiana Senatorship in 1926 we several times referred. An exceptionally high-grade man with nothing of the politician about him, an anti-imperialist, a survivor of the Cleveland school of Gold Democrats, Mr. Woollen is eminently fitted for some positions in Washington. Any President who had Mr. Woollen in his Cabinet would be a subject for congratulation. Mr. Taggart's thought is, of course, that it is well to run up a lightning-rod in case the convention lightning should fail to strike "Al" Smith. The difficulty is that Mr. Woollen is not known to the country, that it would be no easier to dramatize him to the voters than it was in the case of ex-Governor Cox or John W. Davis—Mr. Davis was far better known because of his services as Solicitor General and Ambassador to Great Britain. Nonetheless the Democratic Party must face a difficult situation if "Al" Smith is not nominated. It will have to use someone who is not very conspicuous or not conspicuous at all.

HIRAM HOLDEN HAS BEEN ASKED to resign as principal of the district school at New City—a village hidden in the hills of Rockland County—because he has frequently been seen walking home with one of the teachers after school. No other complaint has been lodged against him; in fact his conduct and that of his companion would seem to be models for the free-and-easy youth of the day. The objection to him is that he is young—and has a girl. His fate will be settled after this issue of *The Nation* has gone to press. But it is not important—except to him. To us Mr. Holden's case is but another indication that the schools of this country are in the grip of an ignorant, sanctimonious, bigoted autocracy. It matters little whether the issue is freedom to criticize the administration as in Superior, Wisconsin; or to oppose war with China as in Seattle, Washington; or to walk home with your girl as in New City, New York. No matter what the impulse may be, if it conceals anything spontaneous and free, it is swiftly crushed. An article by Thomas Minehan, on page 576, describes this situation in vivid detail. The case of the New City principal is not exceptional; it is repeated all over the country; it is even provided for in teachers' contracts. It is a part of the pious hysteria that is terrorizing the producer of plays and the writer of books; that is driving evolution out of the textbooks and allowing religious instruction in school time; that is encouraging many young people from sheer exasperation and boredom to say and do things that Mr. Hiram Holden appears never even to have considered.

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BADLY OFF after all. To those persons who think things are about as bad as they can be, *The Nation* says: "Cheer up!" There are, for example, no tornadoes along the Mississippi, no Coolidges in China, no British Government in the tornado district, no Snyders or Grays in Arkansas, no lynchings in California, no Anti-Syndicalism Law in New York City. Out in the country in May it is hard to believe that man is as difficult a mammal as he is, or that the elements have the capacity for destruction which they undoubtedly have. To walk through an orchard in bloom, to see violets and wild-strawberry blossoms and ferns uncurling, to know that seeds thrust into the ground will sprout and bear fruit, to see the first flash of a bluebird—these are comforting. It is refreshing also to remember that with apparently very little effort the Red Cross has already gathered millions for flood sufferers—people are still generous; and in every case of oppression or injustice, voices have been raised in protest—there are still those who believe in freedom. If spring decided not to come again, if every ear were deaf to the troubles of the world, we should be lost indeed.

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The Great Soviet Raid in London

WHEN, we wonder, has the mouthpiece of a great Government, a Cabinet Minister, found himself in a more humiliating position than did Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the British Home Secretary, when he rose in the House of Commons on May 16 to defend the great Soviet raid in London? Nothing more spectacular, the press dispatches reported, ever happened in the business section of London than the raiding on May 12 of the office of Arcos, Ltd., the headquarters of the Russian Trade Delegation and the Anglo-Russian Cooperative Society, Ltd. Hundreds of policemen surrounded the building in the late afternoon and held it for four days and nights, drilling their way into the great safes, searching the male employees, and overhauling the entire correspondence and records in the building. The London press teemed with inspired stories as to what was to be found and what had been found. Boxes of rifles, "knuckle-dusters," "life-preservers," and other deadly weapons, it was cabled to America, were among the first rewards of the search. Complete proof of the alliance of British Communists with their Russian brethren and the amounts paid to the labor movement was also said to have been garnered. So shocking were the discoveries, the jingo press announced, that everybody agreed that Russian and British governmental relations were at an end. Only after a day or two did it leak out that the real excuse for the raid was the allegation that an important British military document, plainly marked as the confidential property of the British Government, was thought to have found its way from the British archives into Arcos House.

What did Joynson-Hicks have to say when he stood up to explain the meaning and the purpose of this extraordinary action which may easily have far-reaching consequences for the entire British Empire? All that he could say was that the Minister of War told him that he was sure that the missing document was in Arcos House, and so after consulting with Premier Baldwin and the Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, he had got a search warrant secretly from a magistrate and, like a detective in any dime novel, ordered out an army of detectives and police and had found—what? Why, nothing. The document? No, but he is sure that it had been there. Rifles? No. Bombs? No. "Knuckle-dusters"? No. What, then? Well, he was certain that among the correspondence seized were very incriminating documents about which he would be able to tell the House of Commons on the following Thursday when he had had time to read them! There was not the slightest allegation that he had discovered any pecuniary or other relationship between Arcos House and the British Communists, or any other alliance between British politicians and the Soviet. And this is called conducting a great government with intelligence, not to say common sense, and regard to the decencies of international relations.

To our minds this spectacular undertaking is part of a deliberate attack upon Russia. The plan is obviously to raid Soviet headquarters wherever possible, and to arrest Bolsheviks or hamper them in every way. The Russians are justified in suspecting that it is all part of a world-wide conspiracy to throw a cordon around the Soviet Republic. Louis Fischer called attention to this in his article A New Ring Around Russia in *The Nation* for March 23 last. Among other things he quoted a dispatch to the New York *World* from Geneva declaring that "the forging of a ring of steel around Russia is apparently the object of the determined effort made by the British at the opening of the League of Nations Council to secure amicable settlement of German-Polish and Rumanian-Hungarian differences." He added "The instigator is Britain; the reason is China." Since these words were written the building adjoining the Soviet Embassy compound in Peking was raided—on April 6. Never since the Boxer outrages have the Chinese authorities been allowed to enter the diplomatic settlement. This raid was conducted with the prior knowledge and consent of the foreign diplomatic council which rules over the Peking diplomatic compound; it was excused and permitted by them on the plea that Soviet employees affiliated with the Embassy, though not a part of it, were plotting against the Chinese Government. Thereby was established a dangerous precedent, indeed. If the Southerners should enter Peking they have ample warrant and precedent for raiding the American and British embassies on the solid ground that they had been plotting steadily against the Nationalistic Government of China. Soon after this violation of t compound in Peking guards were thrown around the R sian consulate in Shanghai and everyone was halted or a rested who sought to enter or leave the premises.

Now, we do not deny that the Russians are often provocative. There is no doubt that during the Communist troubles in Germany the Russian Embassy in Berlin was the headquarters of the movement. There has been government-inspired propaganda, and there has been the propaganda of individual zealots fired by a religious devotion to the doctrines of the Soviet. They have been thorns in the flesh in many places; they have even violated solemn pledges But this does not excuse such acts as we have narrated The criminal folly of the London raid is that it merely intensifies the ill-will between Russia and her opponents, and convinces the Russian people that a new war is on against the Russian Government. The arrest of Madame Borodin by the Pekingese Government on the charge of being a spy and the refusal of the American Government to allow Madame Kollontai to pass through the United States although she was a diplomatic official en route to her post in Mexico are looked upon as merely further evidence of the ring around Russia. Mr. Kerensky, who is now in this country, has been steadily warning the American public that any attempt to attack Russia by force of arms, or to take part of her territory from her, would strengthen the Soviet Government and solidify the Russian people behind it as nothing else could. The same is true of these new raids and arrests. The anti-English demonstrations in the Russian cities speak for themselves. Great Britain with her great unemployment sorely needs her trade with Russia. She has everything to lose by war with the Soviets In Afghanistan, India, China, and elsewhere her interests would be gravely menaced by such a conflict. Under the circumstances one would think that her Ministers would walk with the greatest care. Instead, they have brought much nearer the possibility of war between the two countries, and contributed dangerously to the unrest of the world.

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A City's Schools on Strike

THE whole question of freedom of teaching and the rights of the school-teacher has been raised in Superior, Wisconsin, in a manner to demand the attention of the entire American scholastic world. On March 14 Miss Lulu Dickinson, a teacher of English in the high school since 1904, was summarily dismissed by the school board, meeting in secret session. No explanation was given by either the members of the board or the superintendent of schools, P. R. Spencer, beyond the statement that "she had it coming to her." Miss Dickinson's demand for a hearing or a copy of the charges against her was ignored on the ground "that she was no longer a member of the Superior school system." Today it is only known that she is a teacher of unquestioned excellence, as to whose fitness no doubt has been voiced since the controversy began, and that she had expressed dissatisfaction with certain of the board's policies. What particularly aroused the ire of the superintendent, according to rumor, was Miss Dickinson's criticism of the waste of money involved in printing the annual school report on vellum paper with half-tone sepia portraits of Superintendent Spencer, the Reverend A. T. Ekblad, a Lutheran minister, and the Reverend William Hood, an Episcopal archdeacon, the two men who dominate the board, and of other members. However, as the superintendent himself said, it is not a question of whether the criticisms were justified, but whether a teacher was justified in making them.

On the strength of Miss Dickinson's record the Teachers' Association and the Parent-Teachers' Association each requested the school board to give her a hearing. Both were ignored. Then her pupils circulated a petition which was signed by every student in the high school and by their parents, and presented to the board—with no result. Next the students began to talk of a strike—a one-day walkout. Their leaders were peremptorily summoned by the superintendent and indefinitely suspended when they refused to sign a paper pledging themselves never to strike. At once the student body of Central High School struck. The superintendent met this by threatening suspension and failure to all strikers and legal action against parents who kept their children at home. In a few days the entire body of high-school students walked out, demanding withdrawal of the order of suspension against the students and a hearing for Miss Dickinson. Later they called for the reinstatement of Miss Dickinson and the resignations of the superintendent and Mr. Ekblad.

The strike grew until there was scarcely a pupil in any school. Interested citizens took the case into court on the ground that Messrs. Ekblad and Hood were not freeholders and therefore not entitled to their offices. In court Mr. Ekblad exhibited a deed to a one-foot strip bordering on the alley of a twenty-five-foot lot, which deed had never been filed. The archdeacon was more diplomatic. He showed title to a full lot, but his deed was not registered until the morning that he was to appear in court. Meanwhile the students held daily demonstrations, parading with banners bearing defiant slogans, while the citizens held meetings. Organized labor supported the strikers, a tag-day netted about one thousand dollars for expenses, and there arose a demand that the school board be elected instead of appointed. Enough names were obtained to compel a special election which will be held in June, on this and other questions. Finally Miss Dickinson personally appealed to the strikers to return to school, which they did when they had received a half promise to reinstate Miss Dickinson on May 9. When the school board met that day it not only failed to act in the Dickinson case but discharged C. G. Wade, principal of the Central High School, on the ground that he did not sufficiently exert himself to prevent the strike. The students walked out again, and here the matter now stands. The question whether a school board can defy the aroused public opinion of a community, and whether it can dismiss competent and faithful teachers for having opinions of their own, is yet to be solved.

The Automobile Dead List

NO, we do not mean the list of human beings killed by automobiles. These total every twenty-six months as many American lives as were sacrificed in France. As to them we have repeatedly expressed ourselves. Today we are thinking of the mortality among makes and kinds of cars ever since the business of building them began in the United States. The average citizen believes that everybody who put money into this new business grew rich out of its phenomenal development. He sees the incredibly vast fortune of Henry Ford created in a little over two decades and somehow assumes that a golden shower similarly fell into the lap of everyone associated with motor-cars. Actually, it seems to us as if the history of the rise of this industry, now admittedly the greatest in the country, were amazingly like similar developments in railroads, steel, and oil; where some have profited enormously thousands have lost heavily because of incompetence, waste, or mismanagement.

Certainly the list of the cars that have been placed on the market only to be abandoned confirms this point of view. In January, 1925, *Motor* printed 565 names of kinds of cars which at one time or another were being manufactured in the United States. A few more, it declared, might have been overlooked. Of those listed, *Motor* reported that only 86 were being produced on January 1, 1923, and but 69 a year later. Between the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1925, 43 companies producing 115,000 cars, or 6.2 per cent of the total American output, either went out of business altogether or ceased to be of any importance. In January, last, *Motor* published a new list showing that 23 more makes of cars had disappeared in the two years since January 1, 1925, or 31 per cent. In that time only three new makes of cars had appeared. What is even more striking is that the mortality continues. Thus, since January 1 of this year, an excellent car, the Wills Ste. Claire, has ceased production and the Rickenbacker has gone into the hands of a receiver. Five or six others are in such a dangerous condition that the industry expects to see them forced out of business during the current year. The trend is still further shown by the fact that 20 companies building 30 different cars made 98.5 per cent of all the passenger cars produced in the United States and Canada in the first nine months of 1926. *Motor* quotes high authorities as believing that ultimately there will be about ten big companies and possibly thirty lesser ones. To us this estimate seems altogether too high.

Of the cars deceased in 1925-1926 there were four of

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the oldest makes—the Apperson started in 1900, the Stanley founded in 1896, the Detroit Electric in 1907, the Stearns-Duryea in 1902, the King in 1905, and the Cole in 1910. The Maxwell was absorbed by the Chrysler, which, first brought out in 1924, carried everything before it and made one of the great successes of the industry within a year, largely because of the reputation of its designer, Walter P. Chrysler. It is to be noted that when the Stanley steamer perished the last of the steam cars—the industry began with steam cars, then more promising than gasoline ones—disappeared, and with it has gone almost the last of the electric cars once so popular in Middle Western cities. Indeed, the roll-call of the dead bears some extremely significant names. The makers of the Winton declared that it was the original American car. The Saxon, which for a time threatened the Ford's supremacy in the cheap-car field, lived only nine years, but in 1916 it turned out 26,000 cars. The Dort was for five years one of the largest producers—selling 24,000 in 1920. The Gray, also a rival of the Ford, lived only a scant four years. The seniors in the industry are now the Oldsmobile launched in 1898, the Locomobile in 1899, the Packard and the Peerless, both of which originated in 1900, while the Pierce-Arrow was first built in 1901, and the Franklin and Cadillac in 1902. The Ford did not appear until 1903.

This extraordinary mortality is the more interesting because it has affected old as well as new makes and every variety of car. It has indubitably been expedited in certain cases by the extraordinary rise of General Motors with its various lines of a steadily improving quality. But in general faulty management, faulty construction, and faulty salesmanship are the triple evils which are responsible for the failures and the heavy losses involved. The question of local agents is an enormously important one, and the problem is by no means solved even now. Consolidations are going on steadily and we look for others. But it will take years for the industry to become wholly stabilized—if the inventors ever permit it to settle down.

A Glut of Oil

A YEAR ago the Federal Oil Conservation Board announced to a mildly startled country that the oil in known fields in the United States would be exhausted in six years. If the prophecy had any significance, it was that we should try to eliminate waste in the exploitation and production of petroleum. Yet today, in the words of Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and W. D. Farish, former president of the American Petroleum Institute, we have an overproduction of petroleum "in a form so malignant as to seem without precedent in all past history." That, it appears, is how futile our modern business system is when it comes to doing anything except making temporary profits for itself.

But when profits are menaced it becomes at once active and acute. Hence the uproar at the moment. The true evil of overproduction of petroleum is the waste of wealth which belongs to the community, but what has set our oil companies by the ears is not that; it is that the competitive effort to sell a surplus of their product has brought five successive price cuts since last November until returns are now said to be below operating costs. This, of course, terrifies the oil companies' executives. Representatives of the big companies have been in Washington to ask Secretary Work, chairman of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, to get that body "to give its aid in bringing about reforms," as newspaper dispatches euphemistically phrase it. Less euphemistically and more concretely, they want the Administration to forget the Sherman anti-trust law to the extent of letting them limit output—which might be a good thing but which never occurred to the oil men until their profits were threatened. This is the regular technique of business. While it is making money it insists that the Government shall pursue a policy of "hands off," but the moment it gets into trouble it runs in hot haste to Washington squealing for help.

The immediate cause of overproduction of oil seems to be the new Seminole field in Oklahoma, where "wildcatting," or pioneering for new wells, has brought a flood of unneeded oil to the surface. At a recent meeting in New York City of representatives controlling about three-fourths of the oil wells of the country it was decided to appoint a "dictator" to limit and control the output of the interests in question in the Seminole field. As the Seminole field is entirely within the State of Oklahoma, it is assumed that such action may be taken without violation of the Sherman law. But they admit limitation of output will not be enough to set matters right:

> Overproduction is the direct result of too much drilling, and, therefore, any constructive program must deal first with the cause of overproduction, i. e., the present drilling activities. Those present at the meeting, while owning the bulk of the production at Seminole, realized fully that the question of overproduction from the standpoint of conservation of our natural resources and the economic utilization of oil products was general rather than local, and that any comprehensive plan looking to an amelioration of overproduction would not be effective if applied only to Seminole. . . .

Behind the conference in New York City and the noise in the newspapers is a bitter war between the big companies, especially the Standard Oil group, and small independent operators. It has usually been held in the past that overproduction benefits the Standard Oil companies, as they have large storage facilities and can therefore hold their surplus to await better conditions while others have to sell their product directly no matter how low prices may be. Hence the politics behind present maneuvers is causing considerable speculation. In this connection E. W. Marland, the head of an independent company affiliated with the banking house of J. P. Morgan, writes in the *Oil and Gas Journal* of an attempt last winter to initiate State laws to carry out the recommendations of the Federal Oil Conservation Board to stop the waste of natural gas and thus save oil. Mr. Marland says:

> In February a bill was introduced in the Oklahoma Legislature called the Marland bill—designed to carry out the recommendations of the conservation board. The passage of this bill was opposed by large numbers of producers, led by the executives of the major purchasing companies, and it was defeated.
>
> The oil producers' associations, controlled by the major companies, offered no bill of their own—or even the suggestion of one. Their argument was: "Let the oil business regulate itself." . . .
>
> If there is anything humorous in the situation it is that the only remedial suggestion so far coming from any of the large companies is the repeal or modification of the anti-trust laws, the only laws which now impair their ability in the struggle.

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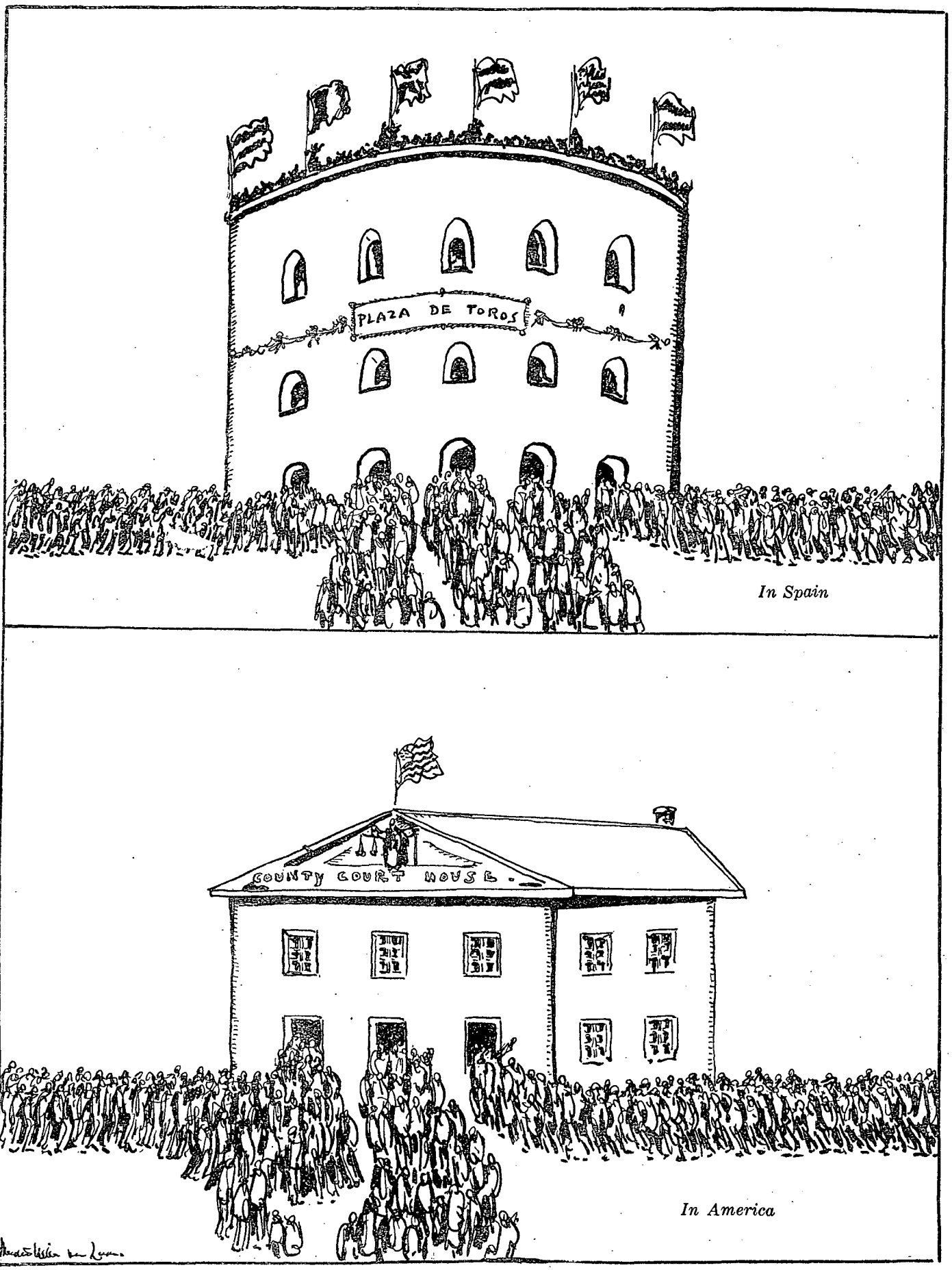

Sport

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The Teacher Goes Job-Hunting

By THOMAS MINEHAN

I

IT is spring in the little red schoolhouse. The children, in stiffly starched frocks and newly blackened shoes, are sitting double and visitors crowd the aisles with chairs. Up near the front, on a separate bench in a position of advantage and importance, sits the Board, looking as solemn as the High Court of Chancery about to try a case of treason. The critical moment has arrived. Little Emily has recited her piece (with, of course, appropriate gestures), about the old, old lady and the boy with the bended knee. Frankie Jones, in a stiff white collar and an uncomfortably red face, has stumbled through Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. All the children of the first four grades (with the exception of Jack McDade, who is six feet tall), dressed in white paper costumes and waving wands, have trooped more or less in step around the platform, singing "We Are the Joyous Fairy Band." The entire class has pledged allegiance to the flag and struggled through "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Now comes the climax—the speech of the teacher himself. A hush of expectancy falls on the audience; they realize that this speech, unlike the speeches of the children, is going to be given for a prize. If it is a good speech, if it meets with the approval of the Board and the audience, the teacher will be reelected to his thirty-dollar-a-month job for six months, beginning next October. If it is a poor speech the teacher will be judged as unfit to instruct the children of Moccasin Creek for another year and a new one appointed in his place.

A pale, thin youth of eighteen with nervous, white hands and deep-set eyes, the teacher is obviously tired and haggard as he comes before the jury to make his final plea for his job. He is frightened as he stands before his pupils, who no longer fear him now that they have received their uniformly favorable report cards. He is afraid of what may be back of the stolid stare of the farmers who look at him without emotion or interest, for he wants his job. He has just started a course in Mind Power and made the first payment on Redpath's "History of the World," and he will have to drop both and go back to the farm if he loses his present position. Faced by hostile eyes, feeling that all is lost, he clears his throat timidly and begins: "My subject for today is The Progress of Civic Virtue in Rural America."

In contrast to this simple rustic scene we have a more sumptuous picture staged in the Regents' Room of one of the large State universities. The Regents are prosperous business men and fat politicians who are sacrificing valuable time to promote general welfare and secure a few contracts for their friends on the side. They cease discussing fishing prospects and exchanging beer recipes as the door swings open and the president of the university enters, accompanied by a secretary with a fat brief-case.

The president is a dignified man, well-dressed, wearing a scholarly pair of glasses. Poised and confident, he approaches the conclave of Regents, who greet him with cordial and elaborate politeness, but in their attitude today is a feeling of constraint absent from their usual salutation, for on this day the president is to read his annual report. If it is a good report with innumerable charts and statistics and data on the important work in research done by the faculty on the Beowulf Codex or the psychical maladjustment of the earthworm due to electronic reactions in the cuticle, the Regents, not knowing what it is all about, will be suitably impressed and the president reappointed for another year. If it is not a good report, the Regents will defer their action while they send out feelers to find a satisfactory substitute.

A similar condition prevails all through the public and even the private schools of America. Everywhere the teacher is regarded as a quasi-political servant holding office for one year at the sufferance of other political powers. At the end of that time, he may be reappointed and he may not. In any case he is automatically out of a job at the end of the school year, and he has to ask to be rehired. It is true that some of the larger school systems reappoint their teachers without question after the first year or two of satisfactory work. Often the teacher is protected by civil-service provisions, but in almost all cases these provisions afford the teacher far less protection than they do policemen, firemen, or common laborers. The teacher h to serve one full year before coming under clauses that pr tect all other city employees after six months of service, and in many cases the teacher has to serve three years before being exempt from summary dismissal without trial. Even then the teacher is not definitely sure of his job. At the close of the school year he puts in his application for reinstatement. Not until the school officials issue a ne contract is he sure that he will be taken back.

Important educators, college presidents with a good sales line, and athletic coaches capable of producing winning teams often hypnotize the school authorities into giving them long-term contracts with special bonuses, retirement features, and pensions in them. But these are the exception. The average teacher has a contract for one year—and for one year only. This, generally, is small protection. School officials may dismiss a teacher at any time and for causes that would not be considered relevant by the ordinary employer. Many a girl has been removed from a one-room school for bobbing her hair, and I remember a case where a girl was fired for singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" soon after a rainmaker had come to town and prayed for a wet spring.

The contract, while of small protection to the teacher, does protect the school authorities. In some States if the teacher breaks it his certificate becomes void. He cannot hold another position in the State until reinstated by the State superintendent of education. In other States his certificate will not be renewed when it expires. Few teachers leave suddenly no matter what humiliation and petty tyranny they have to endure. They wait until the end o the term.

Under such circumstances it is not strange that at the close of every school year a great army goes job-hunting The successful teachers are those who have the best jobs, and if that means joining the Klan in Indiana, teaching a Baptist Sunday school in Mississippi, toadying to the fraternities of California or the clubs of Princeton that is what the successful teacher does. He cultivates, discreetly of course

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the right kind of people even in his classroom, and it is surprising how few sons of school-board officials fail.

There is a special technique of getting and holding the best jobs that has nothing at all to do with actual pedagogical ability. In this country there are over one thousand different agencies devoted to supplying the itinerant teacher with jobs. At a fee, of course. There are State teachers' bureaus, county bureaus, city bureaus, and various college and university committees of appointment. In addition, there are the commercial teachers' agencies, and any town boasting of a college or a normal school has at least one. With the exception of the college committees all of these job-hunting agencies make money. The State and county bureaus are supposed to make only enough to support themselves, but that means providing from two to twenty political workers with good positions. They charge an enrolment fee of from three to five dollars a year but nothing extra for getting the job. The commercial agencies usually charge an enrolment fee that is less than that of the State bureaus, but they charge 5 per cent of the first year's salary.

Of the money thus collected the greatest amount by far goes to the private agencies. They range in size from agencies sharing a real-estate office in a town of 10,000 to agencies occupying expensive suites of rooms on Jackson Boulevard or Fifth Avenue. They collect fees ranging from thirty or forty dollars to more than five hundred. Many of them boast of having placed over 1,000 teachers a year for the last five or ten years, and one agency in the South claims to have placed over thirty thousand teachers and tutors during the twenty-five years it has been in business.

For a teacher to get a job, except in his home town, without the services of one of these agencies is almost impossible. Occasionally the man or woman who has a large acquaintance among educators and strong political and fraternal backing may get a job through hearsay or the help of friends. Lately, the State bureaus have begun to make inroads on the commercial agencies, but the ordinary teacher finds the agencies the best bet. Once the State bureaus have received the enrolment fee they have nothing more to gain by getting the teacher a job. The agencies have an additional 5 per cent commission to make. Often they have arrangements with school officials who give them a monopoly on all new teachers hired in a certain system, and in many cases it is more important to belong to the right agency than to have the requisite degrees or experience. There are school systems in which every teacher hired for the last five years has been obtained through a single agency. No other candidates have been even considered and a recommendation from that agency has been tantamount to election. The agencies work especially hard to place appointive officers —deans, superintendents, principals. Having placed one of these men the agency often reduces its fee or offers to split commissions on all his new appointments. Even when there is no financial inducement, the officer favors the candidates from the agency that got him the job. He himself may be looking for a new job in a year or two or the agency may know of some promotion which it can secure for him. Frequently the teacher joins not one agency but a dozen, and sees to it that he keeps in good standing with all of them.

[*A second article will appear in next week's* Nation, *setting forth some of the qualifications as to thought and behavior demanded of applicants for teaching positions.*]

Education—For What?

By SCOTT NEARING

ON my desk is a letter from a twenty-year-old college junior whom I have known since 1914. The boy has more than usual ability. Until recently he displayed vigorous enthusiasms, but now he is hesitant, uncertain, a little scornful of life. His education experience is so typical that it is well worth noting.

As a child he was curious and mechanical. Within the limits of a city apartment, he indulged this curiosity on whatever came to hand. He worked first with mechanical toys, then with electrical apparatus, and finally with a radio. He was ardent and energetic, planning original mechanical problems and solving them with unusual facility. At fifteen this boy had a grip on life. Each day counted. He was keen to go on. Then came the five intervening years of preparatory school and college. At twenty he is blasé, a bit soured, unconvinced, without driving enthusiasms. He writes that he is majoring in English. He is not intending to teach. He is not particularly eager to do anything. But English is a "general" subject, so he is taking it.

What combination of circumstances has converted a vigorous, enthusiastic, adolescent boy of fifteen into a blasé misanthrope of twenty? The answer is that this boy has never been educated for anything in particular because he has never been called upon to do anything in particular in connection with his school life. While he sat at his desk, education was brought to him on a silver tray. His schoolrooms, gymnasium, laboratories, books—the whole equipment was supplied to him without the slightest effort on his part. He was always using without making.

Schools, particularly lower schools, cannot be self-supporting. Children of eight or ten or under are too immature to produce the equivalent of their keep. They can, however, produce some part of their keep, though it be a small part. Even kindergarten children, who can take no very active share in the work of the world, can and do live their own lives, richly and fully. Elementary schools are removed from the life struggle of adults, but the best of the modern experimental schools are requiring their pupils to live as completely and as creatively as they are able to at their ages.

But all American schools are organized on a parasitic, and not on a self-supporting basis. The school gives no opportunity for children of any age to contribute to their own maintenance, nor does it encourage them to do so. On the contrary, it makes them feel that education is "free." The child, economically and socially, is a parasite as far as the school is concerned. Parasitism almost always dulls enthusiasm and deadens initiative.

Boys and girls brought up in such an educational system will pay the penalty sooner or later in the loss of a sense of reality and significance. As college juniors they are bored because they have begun to realize that the proc-

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esses of life would go on quite well without them. They are not contributing, and, so far as they are concerned, life does not matter!

Side by side with the parasitism of this boy's school life is the parasitism of his home life. He lives in a busy city; his parents are both active. He himself has been sheltered and protected—denied the opportunity of becoming an integral part of the society which has surrounded him. His desire for mechanical expression was satisfied, first, by a mechanical toy which was made for him and bought for him, and with which he merely played; later, he went on playing, this time with electricity. He never wired a house; he merely played with wires. He did not even have to make his electrical apparatus. It came from the store.

Our grandfathers at fifteen, on the farms of New England, New York, and the Mid-Western States, were men of affairs. They began doing chores at six or seven. They were driving a team at eleven or twelve. At fifteen they went into the fields or woods to do a man's work. Day by day, they helped to produce the family living. This is no plea for overwork. Many of the sons of that pioneer generation worked too hard and paid dearly for their overexertion in vigor and stamina and outlook. Yet they belonged to the group in which they lived; they helped to perform its labor; and they shared in its rewards.

This college junior of twenty has never been asked to carry a single burden; he has been consistently parasitic. Consider his account with the world. He began in 1906. From 1906 to 1910 he cost in food, clothing, shelter, and attendance an average of about $300 a year, or a total of $1,500. Naturally enough, this preschool period is one in which no child can be expected to make any considerable contribution. The years in the elementary school (1911 to 1918) were somewhat more expensive. The boy ate more, wore out clothes faster, and still required a good deal of attention. These eight years cost, roughly, $4,000.

The next four years were spent in a rather expensive preparatory school, where the lad devoted himself to social life and studies. Six thousand dollars were required to bring him through this period to the gates of his university life. Up to that time his family had spent approximately $11,500, or, to put it more correctly, the boy had used up, of the products of society, $11,500. He was seventeen years old, and he had not yet begun to make any material contribution toward his own maintenance.

The three college years have not been unduly expensive, but they bring the total net outlay involved in developing this boy to something over $15,000, or an average of about $750 a year for his twenty years.

"But what has this to do with education?" asks the reader. "The whole emphasis of your article has been laid upon factors apart from the course of study." That is true. But it is these factors that are responsible for the point of view which this lad holds today. His geography, spelling, and arithmetic have left little impression on either his outlook or his fund of enthusiasm. But the fact that he has been consuming without producing, both in school and at home, during twenty years, has colored his entire attitude toward life. Society has spent $15,000 worth of goods and services on a boy to the end that he is majoring in English in a great university without any particular objective except to go on living like the similarly aimless people by whom he is surrounded.

Consider the university. Boys ordinarily enter at about eighteen. During the next four years they are, at least theoretically, preparing themselves for their life-work. Actually, they are taking part in athletics, joining fraternities, attending social affairs, directing college publications, and spending some time in laboratories, classrooms, and libraries. With the exception of those who take highly specialized courses such as architecture, dentistry, and animal husbandry, these college students are not preparing themselves for anything. They are merely enjoying a pleasant four years of parasitic aloofness from the life struggle.

The social "stunts" of college life belong in high school. A man at eighteen should be spending his energies along paths of constructive social activity. He should be considered an apprentice in a specialized field, sharing actively in the work of that field. Suppose he expects to be a mining engineer. Where does he belong? On the campus of a great university, or in Scranton, Clearfield, Butte, or some other mining center? Mechanical engineering students belong in machine shops; electrical engineering students in electrical plants; marine engineering students in shipyards or on board vessels; accounting students in departments where accounts are made up; students of English composition in newspaper offices and other places where English is composed; students of drama in theaters; students of hygiene and medicine in laboratories and hospitals.

Does this sound fantastic? Certainly not in the case of medical students. That is the way they get an essential part of their training in all modern medical schools. And surely not in the case of engineering students. Cincinnati, Lehigh, Union, and other American colleges have been experimenting with the "part-time school, part-time shop" plan for a generation. Antioch, under President Morgan's direction, is trying the same method with all the students in the college. The whole of Russia's higher education is built on the apprentice principle, with students required to devote a part of each day or month or year to the practice of the trade or profession for which they are studying.

The arts present difficulties. So do abstract sciences like mathematics and astronomy. Then there is a generous portion of the student body in any American university that has no bent and is not ready to make a vocational decision. What would happen to such students under such a plan? There are many possibilites. The higher schools might exclude any applicant who came without a purpose. Such a course would be hard on social life in the colleges, but it might do something for the student body. Those excluded could dig coal or drive teams or run elevators or ship freight. If they developed a purpose later on, it would not be too late to begin college. And if they never developed a purpose, the coal mines, the trucks, the elevators, and the freight houses would easily hold them.

The university man is an adult. He is maturing rapidly. He should be getting his faculties in hand; rounding out his knowledge; preparing to play a man-sized part in the work-a-day struggle. The university should not be a place, but a tentative participation by a group of young men and women in the life of the community. Wherever an important social activity was being carried on, there would be a university. Under the direction of and in company with those who were actually doing the work, the "student" would learn to take his place as an effective worker in his chosen calling.

Would there be "theory"? Certainly; there is "theory" in every planned process. Students would be introduced to

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this theory as they were introduced to other phases of the work. But each day, each week, each month, or each year they would spend at least some time in practicing the activity about which they were theorizing. The life of society is a great laboratory. It is possible to speculate about this laboratory, or to work in it. University students today merely speculate about life. They should be learning by doing their share in it.

American universities have separated their students from life. They are frequently and quite literally set off on a hill. Students must climb down that hill in order to get into the world. The life on the hill grows tiresome; the readjustment when they leave the hill is difficult and frequently tragic. University students do not belong on hills. They belong in the world of affairs.

But what about culture? demand the academicians. Well, what about it? What have your culture courses done for students? Have they enriched their lives? Have they aroused them, stimulated them, invigorated them, thrilled them with a desire for creative adventure? Culture is the mature expression of group life. It arises only from the group. Isolated, aloof institutions do not produce culture but only pedantry and empty scholasticism.

There will be ample time in the lives of these university men when they can read or travel or meditate. A four-hour day in the "shop" on the job will give them their contact with the active world. The hours of free time can be directed and should be devoted to the pursuit of those theories underlying the practical work which the students are doing, and to the development of those faculties which compose "human nature." There are the eight, nine, or ten months of the college year. The balance of the time could and should be spent in other parts of the world, and perhaps in other fields of work.

American education, particularly American higher education, fails to round out the lives of the students because it keeps them parasitically away from the world of affairs. Education is life, and it will prove effective only when this essential relation is recognized as the basic principle of the educational system.

Textbooks for Moderns

By RUTH SEINFEL

THE intellectual diet of American school-children has since the war been a constant source of anxiety to certain groups of public-minded citizens, who have revealed their trouble through the activities of the American Legion, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Hearst newspapers, and like prophets of public opinion. Even the epidemic of laws which swept the State legislatures during and immediately after the war did not reassure them, although these laws provided in no indistinct terms that the principles of the Constitution and the glorious history of the American nation be instilled into the young, by teachers whose allegiance was unquestionable, for the purpose of making proper and patriotic citizens of them.

Textbooks have been the special bogy of the fearful. Holding that "the schools of America should no more consider graduating a student who lacks faith in our Government than a school of theology should graduate a minister who lacks faith in God," the American Bar Association Committee on American Citizenship strove as earnestly to protect the youth from heretical doubts as though the punishment were eternal damnation. The Sons of the American Revolution, led by Judge Wallace McCamant—the same for whom President Coolidge failed to secure a federal judgeship—waged a long war on David Saville Muzzey because in his textbook, "An American History," he suggested that England was not wholly responsible for the revolt of the Colonies.

An excellent detailed account of this and other campaigns, contained in Bessie Louise Pierce's book, "Public Opinion and the Teaching of History in the United States," reveals curious shifts in the points of attack. During the war, when Allied solidarity was desirable, the wicked Redcoats and Tories painted in the school histories of the revolution were made to grow little wings by an ingenious theory that the Colonists had fought, not the British, but the German usurper on the English throne, George III. But soon after peace was signed a cry that America was being "Anglicized" went up from the embattled Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and Charles Grant Miller speaking for the American people in Mr. Hearst's columns. The new crusaders demolished the scarecrow of a German king on the English throne, and fired broadsides at all historians who dared to paint the British anything but black or the Continentals as less pure than snow. Such writers were "sycophantic intellectual interlopers" in the pay of Great Britain, according to the dynamic phrases of Mr. Miller. The demolition of the absurd myth about George III was certainly justified. But the attack was aimed, not only at those historians who, like Albert Bushnell Hart, were actually advocating the rewriting of histories to better Anglo-American relations, but also at such men as Van Tyne, McLaughlin, and O'Hara who were partial only to the facts.

Realizing that perfect American school histories were deplorably scarce, the American Legion in 1922 undertook to supply one. The committee in charge of the work commissioned, not a historian—perhaps, as was suggested, because historians could not be trusted—but a professor of English, Charles F. Horne of the College of the City of New York, to write it. In the course of its preparation the committee asked a number of historians to revise the text. The list of those who did is conspicuously lacking in names of importance in the field, but on the other hand the title-page is plentifully upholstered with the indorsements of patriotic organizations, beginning with the Legion and going through the American War Mothers, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National Child Welfare Association, National Security League, Woman's Home Mission Society, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, and others to the number of twenty-five

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or more, including the American Federation of Labor. The "united purpose" of these organizations, as candidly stated in the introduction, is to make a "nationally acceptable history" by stating the "views of the nation as a whole," principally to "express to the rising generation a faith in our country and a BELIEF in it that shall tend to create a broad patriotism and love of America."

The two-volume work was brought out more than a year ago by a new publishing firm, the U. S. History Publishing Co. The success of the venture is suggested by the fact that the editor of one of the established publishing houses specializing in school textbooks had not yet heard, two weeks ago, that the books were out.

The reformers continue to storm the doors of the scholar's library with doubtful success. Their attacks are too capricious to constitute serious pressure. Writers and publishers of texts admit their inability to guess where they will be struck, frequently even why they have been struck. When Florida condemns the use of the word "evolution" in a geology book, in so innocent a context as "the evolution of the peninsula," who can foretell where the prophet will point an accusing finger? Publishers must, to sell their books, take account of prejudices that would obstruct their sales, particularly the prejudices of school boards governing the elementary secondary schools. But publishers must also, to sell their books, publish the newest and the best that they can corral.

If hysteria is not changing the textbooks, however, something else is, and in a rather different direction. When the crusaders against "Anglicization" found that some historians explained the revolution not as a result of the tyrannical oppression of the Colonies by a heartless mother country, but as a natural sequence of the conflict of interests on two sides of the Atlantic, they had not discovered treasonable British propaganda. They were facing the new interpretation of history, which attempts to synthesize the social, economic, geographic, and a dozen other factors in a situation, rather than to present a melodrama with a horrid villain and a tattered but courageous hero. The George Washington of the newer texts is not Woodward's Washington, but neither is he the Washington of Parson Weems and the cherry tree. (Even the American Legion's model history, be it said, omits the cherry tree, but substitutes touching references to Washington's mother.) An accident of personality is of little importance to the new historians beside forces which are no accident but the result of traceable causes.

The "new history" has been glowingly described by Professors James Harvey Robinson and Harry Elmer Barnes, but a glance at the texts of those social sciences which are old enough to have had texts in the old style is illuminating even to the layman. Texts in government are turning from Aristotelian forms to actual functions. Gone is the table of contents with its "First Canon of Distinction: The Identity or Non-identity of the State with the Government," and in its place comes the study of party cleavages. The romantic conception of the "will of the people" vanishes into limbo before the realism of the "will of the pressure group"—the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist church, et al. The economists forsake the laws and definitions of texts written twenty-five years ago to face the facts of present economic institutions, with an emphasis on production and its greater efficiency. "American Economic Life," by Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker, begins with a description of poverty, rural and urban, and continues under the caption "Raising the Levels of Living." The authors supplement their own excellent descriptive powers with passages from Theodore Dreiser and Hamlin Garland, with pictures tragic and amusing and with illuminating charts. A casebook in economics similar to that used in the law has been in use for two years at Columbia University.

Students of literature need no longer wander exclusively among the classics, but can engage in discussions of sex, politics, and religion arising from their reading in modern authors. Members of college faculties of literature, turning from the standard works which had been approved and embalmed by time, fortunately found to their hand a crop of significant contemporaries demanding attention. The texts of Carl and Mark Van Doren have made a beginning in this field, and the presence of these and other scholars in literary journalism must reassure teachers of literature who are still timid about venturing out of classical cloisters into the light of the modern day.

The colleges are setting the pace, and the lower schools follow more slowly. The realistic histories of the Beards and of Muzzey have long been in use in the secondary schools. Professor Tugwell and his colleagues are engaged in adapting their economics text for high-school students. If the lower learning lags behind in the matter of content it is looking forward in pedagogic method, and here t' experimental schools point the way. Textbooks in th schools are few; the children learn their arithmetic, fo example, by keeping a store. The mathematics texts that are used are distinguished by the practical application of their problems to daily living. Their history students read of the splendors of Cathay and the perils of Columbus's voyages in the words of Marco Polo and the diary o Columbus.

To judge a text for its dulness is a new departure in schoolbook criticism. Certainly the quality of interest was not always demanded of scholarly work. But the writer recently heard two eminent university professors agree that a certain tome "would certainly not make an evening's reading." Undoubtedly many of the newer textbooks, written well and even eloquently, do make an evening's reading. The publishers moreover do their share to sweeten the draught of knowledge. The new American history of the Beards is beautifully printed and bound, and decorated with woodcuts. Even the old books are decked in new clothes. A drab gray geometry of the past is appearing in a new edition with a bright green jacket lettered in gold, with larger and more varied type, and with diagrams standing out provocatively in heavy and lighter lines, making geometry positively attractive. An algebra book has pictures: the wonder is that nobody before thought of illustrating the lever principle with a picture of an automobile being raised to replace a flat tire. A high-school sociology text is coming out with 150 illustrations, and the publisher confesses that he is having captions written to justify the pictures. Primers are printed large and spaciously, with gaily colored elves and fairies dancing over their pages, and animals are coming into their own with more lifelike portraits than they have been favored with in the past. It is, in fact, time for a new hysteria to break out, lest the nation's youth be demoralized by the pleasures of education and the realities of life, and the discipline of application to tiresome abstraction be forever lost.

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These Modern Women

"The Unpardonable Sin"

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the fifteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for June 8.*]

I WAS born into an atmosphere of Presbyterian orthodoxy and conventionality, in a small Southern town—a biological "sport" in some ways; yet inheriting from my mother so much docility and from my father such a strain of introspection and over-conscientiousness that the best years of my life were wrecked.

That was before the days of ubiquitous psychology and child-study. Nobody had ever heard of such matters as complexes and repressions and maladjustments. The question of the psychical aspects of sex was untouched, it seems, except by a few foreign specialists. Afraid to be myself, afraid even to mention the things I longed for most if I thought those things were disapproved of by the people around me, an exaggerated fearfulness held me captive. Some of its manifestations were so marked that it is hard to see how any grown person could have missed their significance. But these danger-signals my parents strangely ignored.

The fear of lying made me say "Maybe so and maybe not," in answer to questions. The fear of disobeying made me try to pinch a red ring around my leg one day when I went wading in a creek, so that I would not step in beyond the limit set by my mother. The fear of being sinful in vague, inexplicable ways oppressed me with a sense of guilt because a little boy kissed me in a game at a party when I was eight. That kiss worried me so that I was driven to confess the deed to my mother—not in a casual childish way but with a true Presbyterian sense of sin. There were other fears, including an absurd terror (at about five) of policemen: my eyes would fill with tears from fright at seeing one suddenly in the street.

Then at eleven the words "There is no God" flashed before my mind one day while I was studying my Sunday-school lesson, and I was filled with terror over being an atheist—"infidel," I called it. I thought I was a monster of wickedness because I could not believe in a God. But I simply could not, after those words appeared to my mind's eye. I would pray night and morning: "O God, let me believe!" I would stand before mirrors and study my face to see if the guilt of being an infidel had not marked it in some sinister way. I had heard of the mark of Cain, and I think I expected to find on my own countenance some mysterious sign that I was not like other people.

I still went regularly to church and Sunday school, and of course I dared not speak of my strange sin. I suffered in silence for about two years—less keenly as time passed—and then one day at Sunday school a new, inexpressible terror was shot at me by my teacher in the form of an explanation of the "unpardonable sin." There was one sin that could never be forgiven, she said—blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. She quoted from the Bible: "If a man blaspheme against the Son it shall be forgiven him; but if he blaspheme against the Holy Ghost he shall never be forgiven, but is in danger of everlasting fire." That woman is dead now. She left as a monument of herself a compilation of Bible texts called "Sunshine on Life's Path."

It is hard to give any idea to a healthy-minded person of the effect that statement had upon my sick little soul, at thirteen—of the insane terror of committing that sin in my thoughts at any minute. There might be a God—there must be—even though I could not actually believe in Him. And the thought: "If there is a God, if there is such a sin," engulfed me. The idea of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost and my terror produced a veritable obsession of insulting words and phrases such as I had never dreamed of saying in my life. And the more I repelled these "temptations," the more they thronged upon me. Every waking hour of my life I had to undergo the strain of banishing the suggestions of "blasphemy" that kept flocking into my mind; I had to be on my guard against them; had to counteract them by contradictory words or phrases and, at times, went on by jerks and motions of my body. Strange to say, I didn't go crazy. I was even considered brilliant at school, and was passionately fond of reading.

I began, after a year or so, to feel a wistful longing to be like other girls—to know boys, as they did, and go to parties and dances. There were not many parties for children in our little town, and it never occurred to my mother to have one for me. When I was twelve a "dancing party" was given by a girl a year or two older, and I was not invited. I heard my mother explain this slight to my father by saying "She doesn't dance, you know." She said to me years later, when I reproached her for my upbringing, that she had never wanted to dance when she was a girl, and never dreamed that I would care for it. She herself deeply disapproved of "round dances."

I cared for dancing intensely, having rhythm and poetry and romance in my very marrow. And of course in a college town, as mine was, a girl who does not dance is left out of nearly everything. As I was never invited to dances, I had literally no opportunity to meet boys. I went to a private school for girls only. If I walked home from school with a group of girls, I had to listen as they talked about their beaux and dances and fraternity pins, about this college boy and that, and I felt an aching loneliness that could not have been worse if I had been actually branded and cast out from human society.

If I happened to pass one of the few town boys in the street whom I had known when we were children I dared not look at him because I thought everyone despised and scorned me. Then I would go home and cry. By the time I was fifteen I had a well-developed sense of inferiority. I could not have spoken voluntarily to my mother about my loneliness and she never questioned me about my thoughts and feelings.

When I was about eleven, I heard her talk one day with other women about certain girls of fourteen or fifteen who "had boys in their heads," who were "boy crazy." Those

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expressions were burned into my memory, and the contempt and blame with which those girls seemed to be regarded. I got the idea that my mother considered it shameful, or at least unspeakably silly, for a girl ever to think about boys, ever to care to have boy friends.

All this time the "unpardonable-sin" horror was wearing out my nerves. I think I could have thrown it off if I had had the friends and diversion I longed for so intensely. But nobody seemed to suspect that I was not perfectly contented to stay at home and read, or draw and paint. Not my mother, not one of my numerous aunts, not one of my mother's women friends: nobody held out a hand to draw me into the circle of happy, normal girlhood. Instead, when I was not quite sixteen I had the misfortune to visit in the home of a sister-in-law of my father's, a sensational, stupid, vulgar woman, who, by her abnormal attitude toward sex, provided one more subject for introspection and worry and created another genuine complex: a vague, subconscious impression that love, marriage, motherhood—everything remotely connected with sex—were considered vile.

I fell in love at eighteen, when I finally had a chance to meet a boy. (A new family had moved to town, and lived in our neighborhood.) I didn't call it love. Being in love meant that you wanted to marry a person, and that was disgusting. But you might adore someone, much as saints adore their God. You might have an "ideal friendship" with someone who embodied the qualities you most admired. One heavenly conversation, the first time I talked to my idol; after that, dumbness and awkwardness in his presence. An inferiority complex is not to be thrown off all at once. Even when his sister said to me: "You've made a great impression on my brother. He thinks you are one of the nicest girls in this town," I could think of nothing to say.

I had finished school—the most advanced school in town—and there was no money for college. Nothing for me but to stay at home as always. No opportunities to meet boys and acquire social ease. Nothing going on in town but college dances, and a girl cannot go to dances without being invited. It still had not occurred to my mother that I might like to be introduced to a few boys and have a chance for the social life that I was secretly dying for, and I could not even hint at such a thing. So I read poetry and George Eliot and literary criticism and smatterings of philosophy and metaphysics, and wrote introspective outpourings in a journal that I kept fitfully. I wondered sometimes whether it were wrong to adore anybody as much as I adored my hero (I worshiped him steadily for ten years) even with no thought of "being in love." I wrote in my journal at nineteen: "Was it sentimentality, was it morbidness, was it merely the romanticism of youth finding vent in one accustomed to nothing but timorous self-repression?"

At twenty I went to New York to study "art." I knew nothing about the schools in New York except that one of them—a Woman's Art School—was free. So I selected that. I expected to enter the illustration class to get the technique for a profession with which to make a living. Then I was to paint landscapes. I had great notions of interpreting the beauty and poetry of nature, which I worshiped to the point of ecstasy. The curator of the school, a severe and stolid spinster, would not hear of my going into the illustration class. Thoroughness was her fetish. It was the "elementary antique," or nothing, the first year. And I was too incapable of self-assertion then to rebel. Thus the only year in which I ever had enough money to stay and study in New York was worse than wasted. It was literally soul-deadening to me to drudge for four hours a day at those ghastly casts.

I am at least free now from the old distortions and repressions. Beginning with Stanley Hall's "Adolescence," and going on through Freud and Brill and parts of Havelock Ellis and numerous other authors of these frank days, I have read enough to cure one of any amount of Puritanism. I am still an incorrigible idealist, however. And I still expect to "get started." The words of another idealist keep cropping up in my mind: "Yet I know all the while that I have never been defeated; have never yet fought, because I have never been weaponed for the fight; shall fight some day, when my hour comes, and shall win."

A Pan-American Conference

By WARWICK KEANE

Washington, D. C., May 9

SEEN through the dispassionate eye of the newspaper reporter, Pan-Americanism is not the idealistic, fraternal relationship among American nations that, under the cloak of the Monroe Doctrine, it pretends to be. Rather, is the domination of the United States over lesser national groups in this hemisphere.

This could not have been demonstrated more fully than during the Third Pan-American Commercial Conference just ended. It explains the announced policy of the Argentine Rural Society—"Buy from those who buy from us." Only by such reprisals will Latin-American economic groups lessen the pressure which stifles all their interests except those necessary to the development of the United States.

Four days were filled with laudatory generalizations from Latin-American delegates, while United States representatives blushingly acknowledged the justice of the praise. Mutual compliments flew hither and thither, the solitary jarring note being contributed by Luis Duhau of Argentina. He frankly expressed dissatisfaction with those policies of the United States which set up prohibitive barriers to fair international trade. His courage was applauded; but nothing was accomplished except the passage of numerous bloodless resolutions, including one introduced by Duhau himself calling for a study looking toward a gradual reduction of tariffs.

One United States delegate boasted: "This will all pass over and be forgotten." And one newspaper woman, a veteran of many such conferences, predicted the storing of the resolutions in the capacious "ice-box" at the Pan-American Union.

The teeth of several protests were drawn so subtly by United States maneuvers that little was heard about them. A Cuban protest against discrimination in freight rates favoring dealers here and operating against Cubans was tabled by the resolutions committee. The permanent chairman, now president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, kept the resolution from coming to a vote when a question was registered from the floor. He was suave although apologetic.

The Panama delegation had brought a damning memo-

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randum concerning "underhanded selling" by United States commissaries in the Canal Zone. A meeting between the authors of the memorandum and the United States delegation resulted in an agreement to keep the subject from open discussion. The memorandum was withdrawn, in return for the sending of a letter to President Coolidge asking investigation of the charges. That letter probably slipped into a pigeon-hole at the White House; but it served the purpose of preventing a public exposé of American violations of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty in the Canal Zone.

Closed sessions to allow frank discussion of each country's problems marked the final day. The Argentine group was composed of nine United States business men and two Argentine delegates. The morning was occupied with discussion of ways to facilitate United States trade in Argentina. The United States delegates, not knowing that matters had been settled to Argentine satisfaction, expressed fear that the market was being hurt by the frozen-meat and alfalfa questions raised by the Department of Agriculture. When an Argentine timorously suggested discussing tariff barriers, the genial chairman, a New York textile dealer, quickly stopped him with the comment: "Oh, the tariff question is really too involved to be brought up here."

The relations between Mexico and the United States were not mentioned at the conference, as though commerce were not concerned. An ironic touch was contributed by the election of a chairman for the Mexican round-table meeting. The man chosen, a former member of the diplomatic corps, now earns his bread and butter by writing editorials attacking Mexico and advocating strong-arm intervention. Nicaragua was not mentioned, despite the presence of a Diaz representative.

Practically no concrete business problems were brought into the open. Nearly every talk concerned "good-will." As one distinguished South American spectator remarked: "They should talk good business, and let friendship follow; instead of talking friendship, as though business will follow. Nations cannot be friends while conducting business that way. This was an opportunity for frank and open discussion. Instead, pretty words are being flung around meaninglessly. No one comes into the open."

The Coolidge speech said nothing. Latin-American delegates applauded and later admitted disappointment. Secretary Kellogg welcomed the visitors with a few mellow phrases. Secretary Hoover characterized tariff policies as of secondary importance, reserving the climax of his talk for an opinion concerning foreign loans. These should not be made except for productive purposes, he said; and it is reported that he later claimed to have forgotten about the Nicaraguan loan for rifles and cannon. That lapse caused Kellogg several uncomfortable moments.

The commercial conference seems to have been conducted on the assumption that the day for frankness between nations is still far away. In the meantime Pan-Americanism remains a pretense.

Enlarged and Revised Edition
YOUNG CHINA
by LEWIS S. GANNETT
Self cover.....25c Heavy paper.....50c
THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, New York

In the Driftway

WHAT is a six-leg pollymoozuke? Or a two-headed paluca? Or a big tombolo? These inquiries are not taken from the latest book of questions. They thrust themselves upon the Drifter in reading an advertisement in a theatrical publication of a firm in Boston which offered these creatures for sale. The Drifter was not sure that he wanted a pollymoozuke with four legs, let alone six, or that a paluca even with only one head would be a boon companion. But he did want to know what such creatures might be, and so wrote to the advertiser for further information. The latter replied with a wealth of surprising and interesting detail.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter is thinking of going into the show business. He is planning to tour the country with a tent side-show, for he knows where he can get—at seductively low prices—all the strange creatures at which he has often gazed spellbound when exhibited by others. He has before him a communication which begins in this beguiling fashion:

Mr. Showman
Dear Sir:

Your letter at hand and with this I send price list of my big, special curiosities each one a whole show.

You of course want something strong and attractive that will get the money.

And that is what I sell big, strong main features with swell flashy banners that make a front that gets the money, and the front is the main thing Mr. that's what gets them the front don't forget that.

* * * * *

OF course the Drifter wants something "that gets the money" and he realizes, as his correspondent writes, that "the front is the main thing." But he is still undecided what attraction to choose among the numerous possibilities offered. He is considering some one or more of the following wonders:

KING-MAC-A-DULA The Two Headed Giant with 8x10 banner $55.00 cash or $60.00 C. O. D. on $20 deposit.
POLLY-MOO-ZUKE and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
ANTONIO THE ITALIAN TWINS and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
SIAMESE TWINS and 8x10 banner $55.00 cash or $60.00 C. O. D.
CHINESE PALUCA and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
SEA SERPENT and 8x10 banner $50.00 cash or $55.00 C. O. D. on $20 deposit.
PREHISTORIC GIANT MAN with one head $55.00 cash.
KING JACK-A-LOO-PA and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.
MOA DEVIL BIRD and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.
SEA HORSE and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.

* * * * *

NOR is this all. There is "The Baby in the Bottle," which, having two heads, is "a money getter" and "a whole show." It is sent with "privilege of examination on $10 deposit, which is to pay charges if not taken." It is hard to see how anyone could be so unfeeling as to send the infant back, for "The child is as natural and life-like as we could

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make it. The hair on head being sewed in, giving it a very natural appearance. Supposed to be a real child in embalming fluid." But if one *should* send the baby back, there is the alternative of "Special swell mummified outlaw subjects, men or women, for law and outlaw shows. Can be used to represent any outlaw. Very natural looking and will look the part in any weather, hot or cold, as they will not wilt, melt, run, or shrink in hot weather." That is more than can be said of the Drifter, who feels that in the presence of an outlaw in any weather he would shrink at once and run if he got a chance.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY the Drifter's "supply house" does not compel him to make up the stories for its attractions. A "lecture" is sent with every wonder. If, for instance, the Drifter tours the country with King Jack-a-loo-pa, the Three-Faced Man, he will begin as follows:

> Ladies and Gents: KING JACK-A-LOO-PA, the Three-Faced Man, was King of the African Molocas. He had, as you see, one head with three faces, three mouths, three noses, three chins, six eyes, and one neck; three arms, three hands, and three fingers; three legs, three feet, and three toes. A strange, remarkable man, different from all other human beings that inhabit this earth. In life he was a savage monster—a king who ruled with an iron hand. He had a thousand wives, and when he died many of them were buried with him. Being in the country at the time and being anxious to see a ceremony of this kind, I strolled into the Jungle, and in the distance I could hear the mournful wailing of many women, and it was in that direction I turned my steps.

* * * * *

HAVING "strolled into the Jungle," the Drifter stayed to witness the burial of King Jack, together with a generous number of his wives, and later made off with the corpse. If instead of traveling around with this lord of the African Molocas, the Drifter chooses the "big classy attraction" King Mac-a-dula, the Two-Headed Patagonian Giant, "made so legs come off at the waist so as ship in a box 5x2x1½ ft," he will first explain that his friend is not embalmed but "a natural-dried body" who got that way in the atmosphere of his native land. In that arid region there is sometimes not a shower for years. After considerable further palaver the Drifter will move on majestically to the following peroration:

> The body was found fourteeen years ago and taken to England and placed on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It is owned by a historical society of London, and no amount of money can buy it. We simply rent it. The atmosphere in this country being so damp it begins to soften in places and we have to use artificial means to keep it preserved, touching it up occasionally with arsenic, pitch, corrosive sublimate, etc., and in this way it will last for years. Truly a wonderful curiosity, worth many times the price you have paid to see it, and I ask you as a favor to the management to please tell your friends about it. Thanking you for your kind attention I will ask you to look it over carefully and stay as long as you like.

* * * * *

BUT on the whole the Drifter thinks he would prefer to go about the country showing the Centipedian Wonder, the Six-Legged Pollymoozuke. For he feels that he could declaim from the heart the line in the "lecture" which asserts: "What strange things live in this world besides ourselves, and how little we know of them!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Yellow Man's Burden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will be interested in the following news item from the Peking *Daily Bunk* disclosing a situation of international interest:

> POWERS SEND STRONG NOTE TO AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
> DEMANDING APOLOGIES AND REPARATIONS FOR
> MURDERS OF CHINESE CITIZENS
> *Unarmed Woman and Two Men Brutally Murdered by American Bandits*
>
> NEW YORK, June 2 (via Asiatic Press).—Affairs in the United States approached a crisis today, with the reported murder of Wun Lung, well-known laundry operator of Baltimore, at the hands of American bandits. Reports from war-torn Chicago announced the brutal slaying of Woo Sing and his daughter. Woo Sing represented Chinese silk interests in Chicago, and was said to be a staunch friend of America.
>
> As a result of these murders and killings previously reported, Turkey, China, Russia, and the associated Powers have dispatched identic notes to the Washington Government, demanding immediate apologies and reparations. At the same time additional troops have been landed from Chinese and Japanese cruisers in New York harbor, and are being quartered in the Woolworth Tower and adjoining buildings. At present there are 155,000 foreign troops stationed in and about New York City, while an additional 100,000 is available on twenty-four hours' notice. There are now 115 fighting vessels in the harbor for the protection of nationals of the various Powers. The Washington Government has received strong protests demanding the protection of foreign lives and property.
>
> A special dispatch from Charleston reports a clash between Nicaraguan and Mexican marines on the one hand and an American mob on the other. The mob was driven off after two of its members were killed. There were no casualties among the Nicaraguan and Mexican troops.
>
> A cable from Mexico City quotes the report of Admiral Alvarez, commanding officer of the landing party at New Orleans: "All quiet here following our bombardment of the city and the arrest of ninety-seven American agitators, who are believed to be in the pay of the reactionary British Government and the International Chamber of Commerce. We hope that further arrests will not be necessary."

Montgomery, Alabama, May 2 E. C. STEWART

Conservative or Revolutionary?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was naturally much interested in Benjamin Stolberg's review of my book "Business and the Church," although except for the label I should hardly have recognized it. Mr. Stolberg maintains that it defends the "company union" in the name of Christ and is a "silly book." Actually, it is a case record giving the heart of the philosophy of twenty-two different labor-union and business executives. I accepted chapters from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford, the president of the Westinghouse Electric Company, and other captains of industry in order to present their outlook. It is my contention that many business men will be more liberalized and encouraged to support labor unions by this volume than by others which include only one side.

The side of union labor is not neglected. Mr. Stolberg admits that five articles are valuable, namely, the two from the Columbia Conserve Company, that from the Hart Schaffner and Marx plant, that from the Dennison Manufacturing Company, and the one from the A. Nash Clothing Company. No mention is made of other articles, totaling in all nearly half the book, which support union labor. One of these writers, Benjamin M. Squires, impartial chairman in Chicago, was asked

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at the suggestion of Sidney Hillman, and the chapter is entitled Cooperative Management with the Labor Union; another is written by Albert F. Coyle, the able editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal.* His article, to be sure, refers to Christ in a way apparently objectionable to Mr. Stolberg, but note the words used:

> Twelve million people in this country live in a state of chronic poverty. The labor union, not the church, is fighting for them in the front rank, with the church nowhere in sight. But if the church really takes its Christ seriously, why shouldn't this multitude of impoverished humanity call upon the church to help the unions? . . . Dare the church line up with labor in opposing the whole profit-taking industrial system?

The reviewer does not quote the article by L. K. Comstock in which he says: "I look upon the labor movement in the large as a revolt against a social order growing more and more archaic." Nor does he refer to my own concluding chapter in which I champion labor organization and maintain that the minister must actively get into the fight for unionism.

The best proof that the book is not reactionary is that it is being severely criticized by certain business leaders. All that can be fairly asked is that everyone who is interested in creating industrial good-will read it for himself and discover at first hand whether it is a conservative devil in disguise or "revolutionary propaganda," as is charged by the other side.

Yale University, May 3 JEROME DAVIS

Teachers Must Organize

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Teachers from three different parts of the country—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota—sent us articles last week. Each was an arraignment of the school system"; but each ended with "You must not print my name. I would lose my job if it were printed." So says an editorial in *The Nation* for May 11.

Well, why do not these teachers join the American Federation of Teachers and help build an organization so powerful that teachers will be able to compel respect? In this organized world, power alone counts, and the unorganized are powerless.

Make the American Federation of Teachers a power and then, and only then, will teachers be able to look school boards and trustees square in the face and tell them where to head in at.

COVINGTON HALL

Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, May 14

Vivid but Rotten

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Revolt in the Desert"—vivid, magnificent, the outstanding book of the century. Very well, but it seems to me your reviewer has neglected to mention one of the most salient aspects of this Oriental adventure: the fact that Lawrence, in winning the confidence of Feisal and the Bedouin chieftains and encouraging them to rebel against Turkish sovereignty, was nothing more than a hireling of British imperialism. British troops and British stool-pigeons were in Syria and Arabia for very interested motives. Was the English Government ever really concerned about the freedom of those countries?

I can see nothing admirable in Lawrence's activities as related in this volume. To the contrary, he was by his own admission an *agent provocateur* of the British Intelligence Service, and, later, a free-lance brigand acting in concert with the British Army of Occupation.

Many of the pages of Lawrence's book are merely disgusting in their utter disregard for human life. What about that tale of the blowing up of the desert train with its hundreds of sick Turkish soldiers—many typhus victims—and then the mad orgy of murder and plunder?

Vivid? Perhaps, but despicable, inhuman, rotten.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 11 GEORGE GODRON

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Books, Music, Plays

Bracelet

By KENNETH FEARING

Return to me now,
For I am a thousand arms
Spread out to you like an open fan;
A thousand gargoyles whose stone mouths
Will twist into shadowy smiles
When you return.
Walk in my night,
Far among the taut strings
Of my veins, that will tremble with sound.
And in my brain, panel'd with broad mirrors,
Be blood-red sparks by thousands
That walk and walk.

The Career of Passion

Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT may be said not only that "Tristram" is the finest of Mr. Robinson's narrative poems, but that it is among the very few fine modern narrative poems in English. In the total development of Mr. Robinson's art it occupies a special position. For in "Tristram" certain capacities hitherto only intimated are completely fulfilled; to many of Mr. Robinson's admirers who have not perceived the intimations in his previous work, this fulfilment may even seem surprising. To me it seems an inevitable development, and for me the poem takes its place as the most complete and most characteristic expression of his genius.

Hitherto Mr. Robinson has chosen to study passion rather in its consequences than in its career. He has been chiefly concerned with the ultimate effect of life upon the soul, and only infrequently has he been preoccupied by the ebb and flow of immediate experience. Many of his shorter poems suggest a story without telling it, or interpret a situation without reproducing it; "Eros Turannos," which is perhaps the most notable of his poems about love, is actually a poem about the effect of having loved. In "Merlin" and again in "Lancelot," however, Mr. Robinson indicated his capacity for the direct expression of immediate experience; in them a careful reader might have found the prophecy of a great poem having as its subject the career of passion in human destiny. It is this poem that Mr. Robinson has given us in "Tristram."

Like all legends which fix some of the eternal attitudes of the human spirit, that of Tristram and the two Isolts is susceptible of various interpretations. Were the two lovers guilty, or did the guilt lie with King Mark? Whose was the responsibility for their tragedy, and whose for the tragedy of Isolt of the White Hands? Every age has answered these questions in terms of its special preferences in ethics; the versions of the legend change, but the legend itself is immortal. It is of this fact that Mr. Robinson's superb treatment of the legend reminds us, for his poem, as I read it, is singularly free of ethical implications. This, he seems to say, is what happened; the events and not their interpretation form the subject. Life itself is the source of the tragedy in his version; and art is the celebration, not the indictment, of life.

In its dramatic structure "Tristram" has a classical austerity and inevitability, for all of Mr. Robinson's aptitude for restraint is, in this poem, directed upon the elements of form and design. What makes the poem notable, what makes it specifically distinguished in the roll of his works, is the intensity of its emotion; passion sweeps through it with a vigor and beauty that are new, in this full resonance, to Mr. Robinson's art. The old familiar intellectual magic that he has exercised is there but it is subdued by the glamor of this new spell. For in "Tristram" Mr. Robinson has recreated, in its noblest guise the ecstasy of passion.

LLOYD MORRIS

A Cross-Section of English Fiction

The Longest Shadow. By Jeffrey E. Jeffrey. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

Daphne Adiane. By Maurice Baring. Harper and Brothers $2.50.

The Happy Tree. By Rosalind Murray. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The Miniature. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Lud-in-the-Mist. By Hope Mirrlees. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50

Skin-Deep. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50

Jennifer. By John Palmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2

THUS the old-style society novel and its present practitioner Maurice Baring:

> And at that moment she felt the whole fabric of her life and of her future which the architects, builders, and workmen of Hope and Illusion and Youth had been so busily and so gaily building, singing as they worked under her orders and personal supervision, and which had arisen and shone, shot with all the colors of the morning, like Tristram's fairy castle, or some ethereal Parthenon on the top of a fabulous Acropolis, now in one second come crashing down about her. The pillars were laid low; the marbles had crumbled; the colors had faded and vanished; the altar was a smoking ruin. Henceforth the temple could be only a home for bats, lizards, reptiles, and rats, and weeds and mold and dust. It was ruined, done with forever.

The moderns are more practical and more honest. Miss Murray, who was born about the time that Mr. Baring published his first book, makes her heroine conclude the story with the words:

> And this is all that has happened. It does not seem very much. It does not seem worth writing about. I was happy when I was a child, and I married the wrong person, and some one I loved dearly was killed in the war . . . that is all. And all those things must be true of thousands of people.

One infers from this representative group of novels that it is true of thousands of people. Life for the upper classes in twentieth-century England is pitifully dull and damnably pointless. Too sophisticated to enjoy the crapulous pleasures that satisfied their simple grandfathers, too sedentary for the pales tric amusements that completely occupied the leisure class of the eighteenth century, the present-day gentry roam languidly through city and country seeking employment for their indolent minds and occupation for their hankering souls, taking what comfort they can, *en passant*, from such tame diversion as English affairs of the heart.

Small wonder, then, that the authors who seek to depict this listless and bored society suffer from lack of interesting personalities and vital motives. An old hand at fashionable fiction, like Mr. Baring, naturally tries to solve the problem by adding to the coincidences and emotional tricks which, in printer's phrase, justify a popular plot. Skilfully but none the less obviously he weaves in mysterious spectral elements to prop our flagging interest until he is on the verge of a ghost story. But his mundane and spectral triangles still intersect in the same plane of stock situations and stilted sentiments which is the society novel. Nor can Miss Royde-Smith escape this plane despite the air of mock-seriousness and ironical cuteness by

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which she impresses her reader that she is above the tittle-tattle of aristocratic automatons. And Mr. Palmer, who would mitigate the dulness by combining the tawdry winsomeness of Barrie with the superficial psychic investigation of Pirandello, is equally trite and inconsequential. There is no such escape from reality, neither by subterfuge nor by the wholesale and heavy-handed fantasy with which Miss Mirrlees preaches a too-apparent moral.

Miss Murray frankly accepts the conditions of her environment and presents them as inoffensively as possible by pitching her story in a minor key. So presented, they point no moral; neither do they adorn the tale. They are not even necessary to an understanding of the heroine, who is less affected by the life around her than by an ordinary sentimental adventure with an unhappy ending. Nevertheless, the author's strong, simple style and her sharp, sure portraiture make one hope that she will soon discover the conflict between active, Faustian personality and a quiescent, because a comatose, society which can furnish a theme "worth writing about."

This conflict is recognized by Mr. Jeffrey, whose groping hero, well born and well bred, finds himself the protagonist of the impulsive life. Like Galsworthy, Mr. Jeffrey sets down calmly and even humorously what he feels intensely; unlike Galsworthy, he is less concerned with the destiny of class or nation than with the fate of an individual. The result is not merely the best book of this group but also one of the most interesting novels written in post-war England. "The Longest Shadow" earns this praise both as an important social document and as moving story. Treating the same theme as the much-lauded rd Madox Ford, Mr. Jeffrey avoids all of the other's hysteri- al and vulgar caterwauling about the degeneracy of English aristocracy; dealing with the same class as Mr. Baring, he manages to invest the stock figures of English gentry with the breath of life. What is more important, he realizes and communicates the individuality of half a dozen characters and creates completely Philip Queste, the hero of his story.

"Your own mind's workings are your only reality," is Philip's device in his battle with the realities of conventional life. Miss Mirrlees takes the converse of this theme and attempts to show that our conventions and our laws create a world as fictitious as any dream of fairyland. Considering the difficulty of her task she has done very well indeed, but the theme demands either a lighter touch or a deeper trench. In the case of "The Miniature," too, more humor is necessary than Mr. Phillpotts brings to his story. To present the gods of Olympus as a collection of stolid Britons may not have been his intention, but the dull discussion of man's evolution and religious beliefs leaves no doubt as to the results he has achieved.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Private Life of Richard Wagner

The Prodigious Lover. By Louis Barthou. Traslated by Henry Irving Brock. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

ISN'T it about time for good critics to stop being shocked by the private life of Richard Wagner? They used to complain about his works and scold him for not writing operas sounding like the bogus grandeur of Meyerbeer's horrendous tinfare or the sweet purity of Mozart's exquisite patterns. At last they had to swallow his operas like so many gnats trying to engulf the leviathan; and now they find new reasons for being annoyed because his private life went more like Odin's than like a highly respectable gondolier's. Ever since Ruskin had his say about goodness and virtue they have worked on the theory that purity in art rises from a life managed according to the moral dictations of a village curate; and in their pious zeal they seem to have overlooked the disturbing fact that almost all great artists require the splendor and passion of love, and often guilty love, for the source which shall take form in works hewn from a marble purity. They indulge in vague gestures about Leonardo's impeccable and disinterested life, which is really a special case and has been investigated by Freud; and anyhow Leonardo's work has a cold formalism which is the very result of that kind of life. Even the impeccable Brahms lost his whole heart to Clara Schumann; and there a frustrated passion gave birth to music steeped in an aching sadness. One wishes these estimable persons would look into Beethoven's later life, to say nothing of Michelangelo's and a few more of that splendid sort. If we knew more about Shakespeare we should write less scholarly tarradiddle about his being a spectator of life. Needless to say, spectators of life have the habit of writing lines of such terrible passion and despair and giving them to characters in plays who utter their haunting music in dramatic situations wholly inappropriate to their themes.

Not long ago, in his "Wagner as Man and Artist," Ernest Newman went burrowing like a mole into the immense and conflicting evidence about Wagner's life and then spent half the book trying to show Wagner up as a most unpleasant and detestable egotist; and then in the second half of the book proved the case for Wagner's overpowering genius in music and his absolute capacity for entering into the very souls of all his characters. Minna Wagner came in for all kinds of sympathy; and Mathilde Wesendonck turned out to be a frigid nobody, taking Wagner's adoration just to glut her vanity. No one ever tried to argue Wagner's being a law-abiding grocer; and the egotism which results in great art is a commonplace of history. It is a bit difficult to share Ernest Newman's fervor about Wagner's unforgivable selfishness and greed and unkindness. There is too much evidence of his indisputable charm and the real kindness of his heart, and the simple fact that for twenty-two long years he stayed as Minna's husband. She wanted him to write popular music like Meyerbeer's and never had the least idea of what he was trying to do. As a good bourgeois, she found him spendthrift in money and emotion and ambition; and despite a long course of domestic scenes Wagner kept her for his wife because he understood her nature and his own difficult nature and had a genuine kindness for the aging and scolding woman he had married in the thoughtless passion of his youth. If she found him as impossible as Mr. Newman asks us to believe, why didn't she get up and go? She knew he had genius and she was the slave of that genius; and like most wives she preferred a bad husband and a genius to a God-fearing citizen who never cast eyes at any other woman.

What has all this to do with M. Barthou's book? It has everything to do with M. Barthou's being one of the few critics to understand and explain the Minna and the Mathilde and the Cosima and even the light loves of Wagner's life as conditioned not by lust and selfishness but by the terrible ardor and passion of Wagner's soul, which had to make its own laws and not obey the conventions laid down by men who never create art because their souls run to the set grooves of ordinary conduct. The title of the book is wholly misleading, nor is M. Barthou so foolish as to isolate Wagner's so-called "love life" from his work. For Wagner love was never a dissociated performance done for its own sake; and never at any time was he a "prodigious lover" for the simple reason that for him love and music could not in his life be separated. No doubt Casanova was a prodigious lover; and a tom-cat is a prodigious lover. They never do much else; but except for Mathilde we might never have had "Tristan" and except for the second Mathilde we might not have had "Die Meistersinger" and if Cosima had not been the perfect wife—both a haven of refuge and a general of affairs—we might never have had the "Ring." Suppose Wagner did borrow money from Wesendonck and then make love to his wife? In his own mind Wagner *knew* he couldn't write "Tristan" without Mathilde; and after all he was in a position to know. He didn't visit Wesendonck just to seduce his host's wife. He was never a Don Juan; and if women prefer unhappiness and splendor with a genius in preference to security and dulness with a good hus-

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band they make their own choice; and for that they have our blessing. In any case, Wagner went through agonies of remorse and indecision about his first wife. He felt bound by duty and their long life together and his sympathy for her helplessness.

If people feel so badly about Wagner's conduct why don't they stay away from "Tristan" and thereby show their moral disapproval? They are quite willing to have rapture and wonder and delight from the works of artists they delight in calling bad names. The truth of Wagner's private life has its own interest and importance; but compared to his art it has no importance. At this distance of years, it simply doesn't matter; and how can a distinguished critic like Ernest Newman spend so much time in giving a worm's-eye view of a soaring eagle? Wagner did all sorts of things the rest of us could not do. Likewise he wrote music which no other composer can match for a flaming and terrible beauty. At the very least, we ought to be decently grateful and, like M. Barthou, do our best to understand just *why* he led so tempestuous a life. An egotist and spendthrift and seducer cannot write works like "Götterdämmerung"; and the stupendous grandeur of that opera is answer enough to all our private hesitations about the private life of Richard Wagner. If he made people suffer that is just what gods do; and the women seemed willing enough to suffer. They were caught in the god's meshes, as we are caught in the golden net of his music. We may cry our agony and our hurt, but we cannot and would not escape.

DONALD DOUGLAS

The Unbelieving World

From Myth to Reason. By Woodbridge Riley. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

AND now it is an Outline of the History of Natural Science and Speculative Thought, or as Professor Riley's subtitle has it, The Story of the March of Mind in the Interpretation of Nature. The book might equally well have been called "This Unbelieving World," for it complements "This Believing World." Lewis Browne's book, it may be recalled, traced the origin of religion back to fear—to primitive man's fear of the forces of nature. To primitive man the phenomena of nature seemed to be the work of spirits—highly whimsical spirits. Hence the need to control or cajole these spirits; hence magic. And out of magic arose myth and primitive religion.

Thales for Mr. Riley is the first of a long line of great unbelievers who form a sort of apostolic succession of science—men whose discoveries and speculations have completely transformed man's ways of life and his concepts of nature. It is the story of this transformation that Mr. Riley tells. He divides his story, as it naturally divides itself, into five great epochs. The Age of Myth, the Age of Magic, the Age of Discovery, the Age of Mechanics, the Age of Evolution.

> There is first the Age of Myth, when men believed that nature was ruled by rival gods with the world as their playground. The end of this act tries to reduce these gods to the forces of nature, but the same motive carries over into the second act, the Age of Magic. Here men looked on the powers of nature with fear and trembling. They had a positive terror of its forces, and they filled the world with fabulous monsters. Such a state of mind obtained during the Dark Ages and lasted until the end of the Middle Ages, when the explorers discovered that the ocean was not filled with grotesque beasts and that strange and terrible men did not inhabit the remote parts of the earth. In the third act we have the rebirth of knowledge. Then the scientific discoveries made by the ancient Greeks were revived, and in this crucial middle act characters like Copernicus and Galileo reduced the workings of the universe to natural forces. This leads to the fourth act, where the world is looked upon as a machine, something that can be studied as easily as a working model, a contrivance which man can take apart and understand. But this belief was found unsatisfactory as it left out the great vital element. In the last great act, then, the world is discovered to be alive. It has as it were, a soul of its own; it is a living machine. In short the present Age of Evolution completes the drama so far as we are concerned.

Mr. Riley's aim is not merely to tell us how science has evolved, interesting as that part of the story is, but rather to show how the evolution of science has revolutionized man's outlook. If religion was evolved as antidote to fear, science has performed its greatest service in uprooting ignorance, the root of fear. Fear, of course, is far from being annihilated. Religion, for most men, is still an inescapable necessity; but its gods grow more and more tolerant and its devils less and less potent. Even in the least literate sections of the country, thanks to science, life and death and destiny have been robbed of most of their primitive terrors. Nordic blondes in Mississippi, for instance, are no longer afraid of black cats, ghosts, and goblins. Tennessee Baptists do not burn old women on charges of witchcraft. Georgia dervishes do not smudge the sick to drive away devils. Even the yokels of Arkansas are not frightened by an eclipse of the sun.

Mr. Riley writes with clearness and with sound scholarship. True, as an outliner he will never set the world on fire. He lacks the dramatic gift of Lewis Browne, the Stracheyan artistry of Will Durant, the whimsical humor of van Loon, the magnificent journalism of Wells. Nevertheless, "From Myth to Reason" is a readable book, well organized, full of curious and interesting information, and altogether worth while.

CHARLES LEE SNIDE

Warm Satire

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.

MISS WARNER'S first book, "Lolly Willowes," filled one with a complicated mixture of admiration and foreboding. So much keen satire of the humdrum, so much reverence for the delicacies of verbs and adjectives, and so much ingenuity in the construction of an outré story—and all this tragically married to that sweet nausea of whimsicality which Mr. Morley's magical molasses has induced in 200,000 (largely feminine) readers. The question naturally arose as to whether Miss Warner's next production would cultivate the Peter Pannerisms which secured her initial large audience or whether she would realize her most vital temper and commit herself, mind and style, to that special and delightful acerbity which constitutes her essential value.

With triumphant decision, "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" arrives to answer the question. This is the simple and exquisitely written tale of a serious, warm-hearted missionary who made one male and beautiful convert on an amazing island in the South Seas, who tried hard to replace the sweet wine of a tropical nature with the best bottled brand of Anglicanism, who won love but lost his God, who in the losing saved his soul and so watched, in a sad bewilderment, a great human equation canceling out.

There are discoverable occasional concessions to the ghost of Mr. Barrie—the disastrous geometry lesson, the by now famous mathematical definition of the umbrella—but on the whole there is very little milk and water offered up to the God of the Whimsical. The primary quality of the book resides in its satire. This satire is the most serious kind of satire, because it is humorous. The humor is well-bred, but it is none the less devastating. In this connection it is pertinent to note that Miss Warner is, in a manner, dealing with the same problem posed in "Elmer Gantry"—the essential ridiculousness of modern organized religion. But there are at least two points of contrast, even if we neglect to mention the fact that Miss Warner's English is as pure and invigorating as spring water. Mr. Fortune's not-quite-converts are South Sea Islanders and so exhibit a slightly higher grade of mental complexity and a purer

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uality of morals than do Gantry's awed congregations. But here is a profounder distinction. Miss Warner quietly bubbles over with her joyous lack of faith; Mr. Lewis froths at the mouth when he discovers that Methodists are morons, a conclusion he might have heard long, long ago from the lips of any esuit in America. Miss Warner's sensitive irony reveals the insufficiency of the Christian ethic when it is juxtaposed with he simple hedonic creed that needs no revelation and is the basic nimal faith of Christendom as well as of Tahiti; and this inufficiency exposes itself through the tragico-ridiculous disillusionment of the Reverend Timothy Fortune, the most warmearted and least hypocritical of men. But Mr. Lewis cannot ise to humorous satire; a hustling career in America has obbed him of the capacity for calmness; and so he must perorce set up a lout, a sneak, and an evangelist in order to conince us that there is something rotten in the state of grace.

He proves his point well enough—but all we are left with s the rather unsatisfying feeling that he has won the argument. The beautiful close of Miss Warner's exquisite tale, on the other and, leaves us rapt and wondering at the spectacle of man's nultifarious simplicities. Her satire, so humorous, so warm, so inely feminine, has the depth and reach that a brutally naturalstic rendition of a life-surface can never attain; and the fairyike locale of her story, her impossible islanders, and her slightly nad, quixotic hero admit the entrance of beauty and wit—two ualities which American satire (and I am keeping Mr. Cabell vell in mind) does not too largely possess.

"Mr. Fortune's Maggot" will delight all the tender souls enjoyed "Lolly Willowes." But it should furnish a harder y to those who are seeking among the writers of our day for a satiric hypodermic which is really subcutaneous.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

At the Sign of Sagittarius. By Richard B. Ince. The John Day Company. $2.

A thoroughly charming series of mockeries, recalling Voltaire and Anatole France—and the "Gesta Romanorum," too, for this little book has its own peculiar sweet-smelling piety. The author, an Englishman hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic, writes with the appealing baldness and simplicity of a medieval conte. A few sentences from Caesarius of Heisterbach or some other moldy chronicler have been sufficient to set grinning the gargoyles of Mr. Ince's mind. His dry account of Orphitus, the bibulous Roman lion-tamer who managed to become a Christian saint, and his suave satire on spiritualism called The Thanatists give an engaging hint of Mr. Ince's antitheological bias. But the reader will remember longest the four pleasant and gentle anecdotes that tell of the good deeds of Dean Ensfrid, who, forbidden by his bishop to give away his cloak, evaded the commands of God's vicar by the simple stratagem of presenting the beggar with his only pair of breeches. This little book of short tales is likely to be overlooked in the furious search for "significant literature"; but the few leisurely souls who will read it are in for a long series of appreciative chuckles. Incidentally, the volume is a perfect example of tactful printing and binding.

Gullah. By Reed Smith. Columbia, S. C.: Bureau of Publications, University of South Carolina.

This pamphlet is a short, untechnical, yet fairly adequate account of the language spoken by the Gullah Negroes of the Georgia-Carolina coast and sea-islands. In its drastically simplified grammar and vocabulary Gullah is not unlike Pidgin-English, Beach-la-Mar, and Chinook, but possesses charms of its own. To an outsider it is almost completely unintelligible. A number of attempts have been made to reduce Gullah to writing, the most successful being that of the late Ambrose E. Gonzales, who published four volumes of Gullah stories and compiled an extensive vocabulary. Mr. Smith's pamphlet is dedicated to Gonzales's memory. A scientific study of Gullah, on the lines of Sir James Wilson's grammars of the Lowland Scotch dialects, is much to be desired.

Enough Rope. Poems by Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Dorothy Parker's rope appears to be twisted from a thread of traditional light verse, a wire of Edna Millay's, a hair of Elinor Wylie's (the dedicatee), and a thick enough strand of her own. In her weaker lyrics the author writes variations on a theme which Miss Millay and, in another key, Sara Teasdale, have already explored. In her best work the rope is caked with a salty humor, rough with splinters of disillusion, and tarred with a bright black authenticity.

The Evolution of Modern Capitalism: A Study in Machine Production. By John A. Hobson. New and Revised Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

First published in 1894, this work has passed through several revisions. In its present form it brings the marvelous story of the evolution of our industrial order down to date. In a long supplementary chapter the distinctive movements in trade and industry in the pre-war and post-war epochs are described and analyzed with a wealth of factual and statistical information, and a number of the significant resulting problems are discussed. "Big business," particularly in the form of loose combinations, cartels, and trusts, has continued to grow by leaps and bounds. There has been a definite shifting in the distribution of occupations in Great Britain and the United States. Women have come to play an increasingly important role in industry, commerce, and the professions. The growth of economic internationalism as a consequence of the increase of the export of capital is a marked feature of our times. The United States has passed from the status of a debtor to that of a creditor nation. Industry has been more and more transformed as a result of the development and wider application of the new technology. The war has revealed the tremendous reserve capacity for production unutilized in peace time. The significance of key industries is coming to be more appreciated. The socialization of basic industries appears to be a possibility of the not distant future. Attention is being given, as never before, to the vast waste in the productive and distributive process. The problems of a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of capital and labor and of affording the worker protection against unemployment have become ominously urgent. With the insight and penetration which characterizes all his work, the author illuminates the record of industrial evolution during these recent eventful years.

Music

Criticism by Radio

IN Music and Common Sense[1] I discussed the inability of a purely verbal explanation or definition of musical facts to make them intelligible to one who has had no direct contact with them. The reason, as I gave it, is that the simplest of such facts (those to which all others may be reduced) consist of the relations and meanings of musical tones, relations and meanings *sui generis*, which only the musical tones themselves can convey and words can only allude to, and the allusion to which can be understood correctly only by one who has already apprehended them directly. In other words, a purely verbal explanation assumes knowledge of what it sets out to explain.

It may appear, then, and indeed is, a step in the right direction to illustrate each name with an example of what it names (I am now, obviously, referring to a spoken explanation). However, the real object is not to define terms;

[1] *The Nation*, December 8, 1926, and January 19, 1927.

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it is to make appreciable the things the terms stand for. There are obvious uses in knowing names of things; but one need not know names like "sequence" and "thematic development" if only one's ear follows actual sequences and modifications of themes when these occur. In fact, as I pointed out in the preceding article, there is no learning the meanings of the names once for all: thematic development is a new thing with each new theme, the sonata is a new form with each combination of new material and the new treatment this material demands.

The implication is quite clear: to the degree to which music can speak for itself it should be allowed to do so. What sort of music the educator starts with depends on what sort of person he is educating (the education is, then, one of individuals), but he will allow a piece of music to present an example of material and its use, of which he will make the listener aware; and if he gives names it will be only to what the listener has already apprehended as musical facts. Each additional musical composition will offer new examples of the facts; and in so doing it will add to the connotations of the names, which is, however, of less importance. For at any point, it is true, the listener will be in possession of a body of knowledge, abstracted from experience, which must by itself make further experience easier. But only slightly easier, since in each musical composition the material and processes are, or should be, unique; and so the real function of each newly elucidated composition will be to present for apprehension its own unique materials and processes. And as I conceive of it, the job of the educator is as long as the list of music.

As it happens, we occasionally find performances of music prefaced by the quotation of themes, which, though valuable, is only part of what should be done. Thus, the regular program of the Boston Symphony is considered too much for the musical sophistication of the larger radio audience, and Professor John P. Marshall undertakes to make things easier. And in New York those who want to listen to the concerts of chamber music donated by Mr. Lewisohn must consent to receive the brand of enlightenment provided by Professor Henry T. Fleck. Of the two, Professor Marshall is clearly the more adequate lecturer; but both are alike in one respect, in which indeed they represent the whole tribe of music-explainers: they do not know when to assume knowledge and when to assume ignorance, and so they offer help where it is not needed and withhold it where it would be of use.

Thus, in the ten minutes at his disposal Professor Marshall has to deal with Sibelius's Seventh Symphony and "Finlandia." The symphony has been performed in America exactly once before, "Finlandia" innumerable times. The symphony is of the class of compositions characterized by a complex structure which is built up by the modification and interplay of themes, a structure which depends, for its appreciation, on the identity and modifications of these themes being recognized; "Finlandia" is of the class of compositions which are no more than a few melodies that speak for themselves. One therefore expects Professor Marshall to skip "Finlandia" and spend all his time on the symphony; and, in this, to waste no time on talky-talk but to play each theme, first in its original form, and then in whatever modified forms occur later. Consider now what he actually does. He gives details of Sibelius's life and career; he describes the bleak, dour country Sibelius lives in, which, he says, has affected the folk-songs of the Finns and, through these, the music of Sibelius; and to illustrate this effect he plays, not the themes of the symphony but three of the folk-songs. None of the things he has said and done is of the slightest use for the particular problem, as I have described it, of apprehending Sibelius's unfamiliar symphony; he has accomplished no more than if he had said only: "Sibelius's music is melancholy and stern"; and even that is unnecessary, for the general connotation of music is obvious. And having provided help that was not needed, he now withholds help where it would be of use; for coming to the symphony he says: "You will hear first an ascending scale-like theme (he does not play it) which will occur several times during the work; you will hear other themes (he does not even describe these); the work will rise to a climax (of what goes to make up this climax, not a sound)." And having said this the good man proceeds to play every one of the familiar melodies of the ubiquitous "Finlandia." Perhaps he is reluctant to work through a new orchestral score; it is easier to read from Mr. Hale's program notes.

But Professor Fleck has to deal with two works that are from twenty to thirty years old, quartets by Dvořák and Debussy. Of these, the second is the less obvious; yet, while he quotes repeatedly every one of the rather obvious melodies of the Dvořák, he elucidates the Debussy as follows: "And now we come to a composition that is very different. The melody is different, the harmony is different, everything is different . . . as you will hear for yourselves."

B. H. Haggin

Drama

Sierra and His Theater

OF all the countries of Europe, Spain must be the one which modern ideas have touched the least, for if I may judge from the books and plays which get translated here (and I hastily disclaim any other basis for my judgment), she never actually absorbed even those influences to which she fancies she has subjected herself. It is true that she went, though a little tardily perhaps, to the same schoolmasters as the rest. Her playwrights read Ibsen, her novelists imitated the Russians, and her philosophers studied Nietzsche, yet they remained essentially alien to the spirit which transformed the others. Unamuno, her one thinker with a European reputation, is a Christian mystic; Benavente and Sierra, the only two of her playwrights known here, are unabashedly romantic; and Pio Baroja, the only novelist to win even a mild reputation in America since the collapse of Ibáñez, disintegrated as the result of a complete inability to digest the ideas which he had absorbed. Realism, rationalism, and disillusion remained to Spain fundamentally incomprehensible. The bleakness of mere intelligence is not for her temperament, and in spite of all efforts in a contrary direction she cannot help seeing life in terms of melodrama, romance, and sentiment. A Spaniard would rise from a careful perusal of the complete works of all the intellectualists from Schopenhauer to Shaw with the unshaken conviction that after all "love is best," and when the population of all the rest of the world has been transformed into he- and she-ancients he will still be concerning himself chiefly with moonlight.

Certainly the brief visit of Sierra's Spanish Art Theater to the Forrest did nothing to modify this opinion. The institution is superficially under the influence of other "modern" theaters. The very name is evidence of that, and so, too, are certain mannerisms. The sets which it uses are somewhat impressionistic, the second drop-curtain is painted with a sort of batik design, and Shaw's "Pygmalion" is included in the repertory. But once the curtain has risen upon "The Road to Happiness," which Sierra wrote in conjunction with one of his compatriots, or upon one of his own plays, all doubt is dispelled. Though the acting is doubtless restrained and naturalistic by Spanish standards, the leading lady acknowledges applause upon her entrance by a full bow in front of the footlights; the melodious sentences are declaimed in well-rounded periods; and in the lines romantic sentiment holds sway. In one play the fickle Rosina bewilders her suitors with her coquetry; in another a beautiful orphan girl wanders friendless over the world and after various misadventures, including one among a band of

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gipsies, finds happiness in an unselfish love; in a third the nuns send out into the great world the foundling they have reared. Hardly since the Victorian Age has any English or American author written anything which seems so naively romantic. Leaving aside all questions of absolute merit, one is struck most of all by the fact that the author of these plays is living in a world never really touched by the movement which, in other countries, completely transformed the modes of feeling.

The company is composed of acceptable actors, and it has in its leading lady, one Catalina Barcena, a young woman of considerable skill as well as very unusual vivacity and charm, but the Spanish Art Theater is not likely to scatter any ideas capable of affecting the American stage. We have a good deal to learn from the Germans and the Russians, but not much from it. That we are capable of feeling a certain charm in Sierra's work the unexpectedly great success of his "The Cradle Song" at the Civic Repertory Theater is enough to prove, but that charm is of something quaintly exotic, it has nothing to do with the moods or the aspirations which are potent for us, and it leaves nothing except a faintly pleasant memory.

"Oh, Ernest" (Royale Theater) is a musical comedy not very skilfully made out of "The Importance of Being Earnest," by such simple expedients as giving the butler Lane an eccentric dancer for a wife and hiding a chorus of gay ladies in Algernon's apartment. The other plays of the week—"Julie" at the Lyceum, "Katy Did" at Daly's, and "He Loved the Ladies" at the Frolic—are all merely the usual end-of-the-season odds and ends sponsored by hopeful enthusiasts who take advantage of the low rentals of the spring. None has any particular excuse for existence.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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" " " 23—THE SECOND MAN
" " " 30—PYGMALION
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" " " 23—RIGHT YOU ARE
" " " 30—MR. PIM PASSES BY
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" " " 23—THE SILVER CORD
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International Relations Section

The Kuomintang Party

By TI-TSUN LI

THE Kuomintang or the Nationalist Party was first organized, under a different name, in 1894 as a secret revolutionary society by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Republic. This party was largely responsible for the success of the revolution of 1911. In the earlier days of the republic it was the most powerful political party in the country, controlling a majority of the seats in the first National Assembly. Because its political views were distasteful to President Yuan Shih-kai it was dissolved by a presidential mandate on November 4, 1913.

In the summer of 1917 a large number of former Kuomintang M.P.'s rallied to the call of Dr. Sun to form a new government in Canton. By taking this step the Kuomintang Party has definitely identified itself with the Southern or Cantonese Government. Hence the party is also referred to as the Cantonese Party—a very misleading name.

The new government went through many trials and experiences—experiences which served to convince Dr. Sun and his associates that the revolution of 1911 had not done its work as thoroughly as it should have; that foreign oppression was stronger than ever; that the reactionary elements were still dominating national politics, and that consequently the Kuomintang Party should renew its former revolutionary activities. In pursuance of this new conviction Dr. Sun reorganized his party on a revolutionary basis in the First National Party Convention of the party convened on January 21, 1924. The reorganized party has pledged itself to champion the cause of the people, that is to say, to liberate the country internally from control by the militarists and externally from the grip of the foreign Powers. Using Canton as a base the party began its military operations early in 1926. The campaign has been one of rapid and uninterrupted success; and at the time of writing the Nationalist Government is in control of Southern and Central China from Tibet to the Yellow Sea. It is only a question of time until the Nationalists will take Peking and thus unite China.

We are now in a position to examine briefly the platform of the Kuomintang Party. Foremost among its foreign policies is the abrogation of the unequal treaties and the conclusion of new treaties on the principles of equality and reciprocity. Any nation which voluntarily relinquishes its special privileges in China will be treated as in actual fact a "most favored nation." As to foreign loans made to China none will be repudiated excepting the few that are detrimental to the political and economic life of China or that were contracted by an irresponsible government for illegitimate purposes. All these measures are designed to free China from foreign domination.

In the domestic policies of the Kuomintang Party we find a picture of China in the making. Politically the new China will take the form of a decentralized unitary state —a middle course between centralism and federalism. Each province will have the right to frame its own constitution and to elect its own officers. Whenever the national and the provincial constitutions are in conflict, the former will prevail. The principle of legislation by representation will be recognized, but it will be supplemented by popular initiative, referendum, and recall. There will be equality of the sexes in all matters. The traditional threefold separation of powers is considered unsatisfactory. Therefore the powers of the new government will be divided into five branches, namely, legislative, executive, judicial, censorial, and public examination. The duty of the Censorate—an institution peculiar to China—is to watch over the conduct of the higher officials and to denounce them for malfeasance. It performs, in other words, the combined functions of an administrative court and a senate sitting as an impeachment body. The Ministry of Public Examination prescribes and conducts examinations for persons who wish to enter civil service or who seek to be candidates for elective offices. No one will be permitted to run for any elective office unless he has previously passed such a prescribed examination. Thus demagogues will find no place in the new China.

This is an ultra-democratic program. Even the most optimistic Nationalists admit that the mass of the Chinese people are not ready for it. Accordingly they worked out a schedule for the gradual application of the new policies. Three political periods, one following the other, are contemplated: (1) The period of military government, (2) the period of tutelage, and (3) the period of constitutional government. During the first two periods Kuomintang Party will assume the rule of the country. It is only when coming into the third period—the period of constitutional government—that we shall find the new scheme of government in full operation.

The economic system of the new China is roughly a form of state socialism. One of its cardinal features is the readjustment of land ownership by regulating land rent, by imposing a progressive tax on unused land, and by the socialization of unearned increment. Another feature is the regulation of capital. All industrial enterprises which are of a monopolistic nature or beyond the financial resources of private individuals are to be undertaken by the national government. Census taking, agrarian reform, labor legislation, and other democratic measures are also promised. The left wing of the party advocates a communistic scheme, but so far it has not found favor with the majority of the party.

The Kuomintang Party, through its founder, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, has also defined the future relations of China to the world. The keynote of the new world-policy is the nationalization of the whole world. It is only in such a nationalized world, a world of independent nations, that the Christian ideal of "peace on earth and good-will among men" is possible. Indeed, does not the word "internationalism" itself presuppose the coexistence of the different national groups as independent nations?

Starting from such a premise the Kuomintang Party laid down in its program that in future relations with the world China shall always be guided by the principle of justice and equality. She shall refrain from any policy of aggressive nationalism. She shall help to nationalize the world by giving assistance to the weaker national groups in their attempts to establish independent governments of their own. Lastly, when the whole world is ready she shall cooperate with the others to form a federation of nations, a federation in which all states are equal in practice as well as in theory.

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See SUMMER PROBLEMS Page iv

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The Permanent Mandates Commission

THE Netherlands representative to the League of Nations Council made the following report, at the recent Council session in Geneva, on the question of the hearing in special cases of petitioners by the Permanent Mandates Commission.

The report of the Permanent Mandates Commission on the work of its ninth session contained the following paragraph concerning the question of the hearing of petitioners by the commission in certain cases:

> The commission has again carefully considered the procedure in force with regard to petitions. Experience having shown that sometimes the commission has been unable to form a definite opinion as to whether certain petitions are well founded or not, the commission is of the opinion that in these cases it might appear indispensable to allow the petitioners to be heard by it. The commission would not, however, desire to formulate a definite recommendation on this subject before being informed of the views of the Council.

As will be seen from the minutes of its ninth session, the Permanent Mandates Commission was fully alive to the difficulties which might arise in connection with the hearing of petitioners, even in exceptional cases.

Its reason for desiring, nevertheless, to learn the opinion of the Council on this question was that, having been instructed to receive petitions and, when necessary, to report on them to the Council, it felt that in certain cases it could not fully discharge this duty without granting the petitioners a hearing.

The Council has, therefore, to express its opinion on this point.

The question was considered by the Council at its meetings on September 3 and 4, 1926. Objections were raised to the adoption of a procedure such as that mentioned by the commission, and the Council finally decided to invite observations from the mandatory Powers before adopting any decision on the subject. The question was also discussed by the Sixth Committee of the Assembly at its meeting on September 21, 1926, and by the Assembly at its plenary meeting on September 25, 1926.

As the views of some of the mandatory Powers were not received until just before the beginning of the Council's session in December last, it was decided to postpone the matter until the present meeting.

In their replies to the Council the mandatory Powers all oppose the hearing of petitioners. They point out that with such a procedure—which would involve the hearing, at the same time, of a representative of the mandatory Power—the parties would, in fact, be engaged in a controversy before the commission; and they urge that any procedure which would seem to transform the commission into a court of law would be inconsistent with the very nature of the mandatory system; that it would weaken the authority which the mandatory should possess in order to carry out its duties successfully, and that it might lend itself to intrigues on the part of those who are more desirous of promoting disorder than of remedying defects.

The replies further point out that the right of petition is governed by regulations in various countries, and that, even in those which are endowed with the most liberal constitutions, petitioners are not, as a rule, entitled to a hearing by the competent authorities.

I think that my colleagues will recognize the justice of many of the objections which the mandatory Powers have urged in their replies. The procedure for handling petitions was instituted by the Council in order that the commission might thereby have further means of securing information on conditions in the mandated territories, and might so be enabled even more satisfactorily to perform the duty intrusted to it under the provisions of the Covenant of advising the Council on all matters relating to the observance of mandates. It is important that the commission should have at its disposal all proper means for obtaining such information. It would not, however, be desirable to seek to attain this object by means which might alter the very character of the commission. This commission, as has been very justly observed, does not and must not possess the character of a court of justice when dealing with disputes between private petitioners and the mandatory Powers. Should the commission desire further information on any particular points in connection with a petition, it could always apply to the mandatory Power, which would certainly not fail to accede to its request. If in any particular case the circumstances should show that it was impossible for all the necessary information to be secured in this way, the Council could, as the Belgian Government has indicated in its reply, decide on such exceptional procedure as might seem appropriate and necessary in the particular circumstances. The close and successful cooperation which has fortunately existed up to the present moment between the commission and the mandatory Powers is the best guaranty that such cases would be entirely exceptional, and there appears to be no occasion to insert any general rules to govern such cases in regulations concerning petitions.

I have, therefore, the honor to propose the following resolution:

> The Council,
>
> Having taken note of the replies of the mandatory Powers in regard to the hearing of petitioners by the Permanent Mandates Commission in certain cases, is of the opinion that there is no occasion to modify the procedure which has hitherto been followed by the commission in regard to this question.
>
> The Secretary General is directed to transmit copies of the present resolution, of the report of the Netherlands representative, and of the replies of the mandatory Powers to the Permanent Mandates Commission.

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